

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom: but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 237.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1821.

PRICE 8d.

## Original.

### VOYAGES IN THE NORTHERN PACIFIC, &c. &c.

We announced a few weeks ago our intention of inserting in the LITERARY GAZETTE, when the season of issuing new and important publications had so far elapsed as to afford us room for other prominent articles besides Reviews, a succession of original papers, being the narrative of Voyages in the Pacific Ocean, and of other circumstances deeply interesting, not only to the curiosity and literature of Great Britain, but to its manufactures, commerce, and colonial prosperity. We now hasten to redeem our pledge, by laying before our readers the first Number of the promised Series, to be regularly continued, and to embrace the following subjects:—

*Narrative of a Voyage from London to the Columbia River—An Account of the first Settlers thereon.*

*Particulars of several trading Voyages during the Years 1813, 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18, between the North-west Coast of America and China, and a Description of the Russian Establishments on the North-west Coast of America.*

*An Account of the present State of the Sandwich Islands.*

*And a Narrative of a Cruise in the Service of the Independents of South America in 1819.*

The author of these pieces, which are written, in our opinion, with great simplicity and force of observation, is Peter Corney, mate of the schooner Columbia, of London, which vessel was sold to the King of the Sandwich Islands. He seems to have enjoyed, during the period of years he was in a quarter of the globe but very partially known to Europeans, peculiar opportunities for acquiring information, and to have availed himself of them in a manner worthy of a shrewd and intelligent man. He relates facts in a plain sailor-like style; and we shall be disappointed if his round unvarnished tale does not give as much satisfaction as the most elaborate work of any learned traveller. On the vital consequence of several of the subjects on which his observations turn, it is not necessary to say any thing—there is not a manufacturer nor merchant in England, who does not feel the importance of the North American fur trade, of the trade with China, and of the rising com-

merce of the Northern Pacific, on all of which this MS. supplies very new and valuable notices. And the general question is so fairly handled in the writer's own preface, that we shall abstain from further comment, and allow him to state his own case, only observing that in addition to the preceding contents, there is a vocabulary of the language spoken on the north-west coast of America and Sandwich Islands, which may help to illustrate the labours of Captain Freycinet, announced by the French Savans.

### PREFACE.

The only object the author of this work has in making his observations on the trade between the north-west coast of America and the Sandwich Islands and China, is, to point out to the merchants of this country the vast trade that is carried on between those places by the Americans and the Russians while an English flag is rarely to be seen.

He would particularly wish to call the attention of the people of this country to the state of the Sandwich islands, by pointing out their vast importance to the West-India merchants; also the rapid progress the natives are making towards civilization (aided by missionaries) by improving themselves, and cultivating an intercourse with other countries. The Russians are by no means ignorant of their importance, and have more than once attempted to obtain possession of them. To Russia they would be invaluable, as its colonists could cultivate sugar, tobacco, and coffee, and make rum sufficient for the supply of that vast empire. The effect which such a step would have on our West-India trade is too obvious to require any comment. However lightly the people of these islands may be thought of, there is an anxious wish on their part to cultivate intercourse with those who will trade with them, and there exists a desire for improvement beyond the most sanguine hope, of those who wish to see the condition of mankind bettered by social intercourse. Their battery or fort at Wookoa, where guard is mounted and relieved with as much regularity and form as at the Tower of London—the policy of the king in charging foreign vessels pilotage and harbour dues, because a brig that he had purchased from the Europeans and sent to China with sandal wood, had been made to pay pilotage and harbour dues, will prove that they are ready to imitate the customs of civilized nations.

The fur trade is now totally in the power of the Americans, as by the treaty of Ghent the establishment on the Columbia was given up to that republic. The following extract from the Montreal Herald of the 18th April,

1820, will show how far they are desirous of profiting by their possessions: "*Military Expedition to the Upper Missouri*—The 6th regiment of infantry left Bell Fountain on the 4th October. Colonel Atkins commands the expedition. Thus the public have at length the satisfaction to see fairly embarked, this interesting expedition, on the security of which depends the accomplishment of such mighty objects of the American people—the transfer of the fur trade from the English to the Americans, the extinction of British influence among American Indians, and the opening a direct intercourse with India by the Columbia and Missouri rivers."

For several years past it has been a favourite object of the American government to open an easy communication from their western settlements to the Pacific Ocean; and the above paragraph indicates the steps which have been taken to realize this vast project. The most western settlements which the Americans have are on the Missouri; and from the mouth of the Columbia on the Pacific Ocean, they are distant about 3,000 miles. This immense space of desert territory, inhabited by Indian tribes, some of whom are hostile, presents obstacles of no ordinary kind to this scheme; while, at the same time, it is this very circumstance of the country being a wilderness, over which the Indian, and the wild beasts of the forest range undisturbed, that offers such peculiar inducement to the American design—not of colonizing the country, though this consequence would undoubtedly follow; but of making an immediate inroad on barbarism, by establishing a chain of posts at the distance of 50 or 100 miles along the great rivers as far as the Pacific Ocean. The fur trade is the great object of attraction to settlers in this wilderness; and so lucrative is this traffic, that it is well calculated to excite a competition amongst rival states. It can only be prosecuted by such nations as have a ready access to these deserts, where the wild animals which afford this valuable article of trade multiply undisturbed by civilized man; and these nations are at present the British, whose possessions of Canada secures them access to the north-western deserts of America—the Americans, who have free access to the wilderness that lies between their territories and the Pacific Ocean; and the Russians, whose immense empire borders on the north-west coast of America, gives them ample opportunities, which they have duly improved, of establishing settlements on its shores—of cultivating a friendly intercourse with the native, and of exchanging European articles for the valuable furs which they collect in the course of their hunting excursions. The fur trade has been prosecuted with amazing energy

and activity by the British Canadian companies. Every season they dispatch into the wilds a numerous body of their servants, clerks, and boatmen, amounting to about 800, who, travelling in canoes across that vast succession of lakes and rivers, which extend north-west nearly 3,000 miles into the American continent, and are connected with the great Canadian lakes of Huron, Superior, and Ontario, &c. bring back a valuable supply of furs from these remote regions, in exchange for such European articles as are in request among their savage customers. This trade having been prosecuted with such success by the British, the Americans seem in like manner resolved to profit by the vast tract of similar territory to which they have access. By the journey of captains Lewis and Clark across the rocky mountains to the Pacific Ocean, the whole of that western region is now laid open. Numerous adventurers have since crossed, by easier and better roads, this mountainous barrier where they found an open champaign country, well wooded and watered, and abounding in game. Captains Lewis and Clark were often astonished at the immense numbers of wild animals which they met with in all directions, consisting of bears, wolves, beavers, hares, foxes, racoons, &c. and various other animals, which are keenly pursued on account of their furs.

The plan of the Americans seems therefore to be, to form settlements in this country with a view to a trade in its great staple, namely fur; and by establishing a port which would gradually grow up into a village or a town at the mouth of the Columbia river on the Pacific Ocean, they could thence transport their cargoes to the great Indian markets, in exchange for the valuable produce of the East. Such is the project contemplated, and if it succeed, it would have this important consequence; that it would lay the foundation of an American colony on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. The peopling of the American continent is at present going on at a rapid rate; but by this means the seeds of population would be scattered with a more prodigal hand, and having once taken root, the shores of the Pacific would be quickly overspread with civilized inhabitants, drawing their support from the country in which they were settled, and in this respect independent of the parent state.

## CHAPTER I.

*Arrival of the Ship Tonquin, of Boston, at the Columbia River, with Settlers.—Loss of a Boat, an Officer, and six Men, in sounding a Passage.—Loss of another Boat and two Men.—Miraculous Escape of a Blacksmith, and a Sandwich Islander.—Settlers landed.—The Tonquin trades along the North-west Coast.—Dreadful Catastrophe.—Resolute Conduct of the Blacksmith.—His Fate, and Fate of the Vessel and Crew.*

The ship Tonquin, belonging to John Jacob Aster, left Boston about the year 1811, with settlers, for the purpose of forming an establishment on the Columbia river. On their passage out, they touched at the

Sandwich Islands to fill up their water casks, and procure a supply of provisions. Captain Thorne encountered considerable difficulties from the disposition which his ship's company evinced to leave the vessel at these islands, and was even obliged to get the settlers to keep watch over them to prevent desertion: the boatswain, by some means, however, eluded the guard, and escaped to the shore. The Tonquin arrived off the mouth of the Columbia in March, 1811. Captain Thorne not being acquainted with the harbour, dispatched a whale-boat, with an officer and six men, to sound the passage over the bar into the river. The ship was then under close reefed top-sails, and a strong gale blowing from the north-west, so that the first officer was much averse to going on this service; and it is rather singular, that previous to his leaving the Tonquin, he observed to Mr. M'Dougal (who was to be the governor of the establishment), that he was going to lay his bones beside those of his uncle, who had perished in crossing the bar of the Columbia river, a year or two before that time. In a quarter of an hour after they left the ship, they hoisted a signal of distress, and then disappeared—thus seven men found a watery grave! The Tonquin stood out to sea for that night, and in the morning again stood in, and another boat was ordered off under the command of the second officer (Mr. Moffat), who peremptorily refused to go, observing, that he could see a passage better from the mast head. Captain Thorne then ordered a man, who was to have the command of a shallop (of which they had the frame on board), to take the command of the boat, with two Sandwich islanders (several of whom they had on board for the establishment), the ship's blacksmith, and one sailor, Mr. M'Dougal having refused to let any of the settlers go on that service which they looked on as little better than an act of insanity. Shortly after the boat had left the ship, she ran by it; the boat was then so close that the people asked for a rope; but the vessel herself was in so perilous a situation, that all on board had to attend to their own safety. She struck several times on the bar, and the sea made a fair breach over her; but they at length got under the north point, into Baker's bay. On the following day they saw a white man on the rocks, in the bay. Captain Thorne dispatched a boat, which returned with the blacksmith, who had been in the second boat sent to sound the channel. The account he gave of himself was, that shortly after the ship had passed them, the boat swamped; that the master of the shallop and the sailor were drowned, and that he was saved by the exertions of the Sandwich islanders, who had dived several times to clear him of the lead line which was entangled round his legs; as the tide was ebbing strong, the boat drifted clear of the breakers; the islanders got a bucket and one of the oars; the blacksmith and one of the islanders took it in turns to scull the boat during the night; the other islander died in consequence of being benumbed with the cold, so that he could not exert himself as the others did. At day-light, they found

themselves drifted to the northward of the river into a small sandy bay; they ran the boat on the beach, and hauled her as high as their strength would allow them, and got their dead companion out. They then crossed the point towards the river, and entered the woods, where the islander lay down by the stump of a tree. The blacksmith left him, crossed the point, and arrived in sight of the river, where, to his inexpressible joy, he saw the ship at anchor in the bay.

Captain Thorne sent a party in search of the islander, whom they found. They also recovered the boat, and buried the other native. They then landed the settlers about seven miles from the entrance of the river, and on the south side, where they immediately commenced clearing away the woods, building a fort, block-houses, &c. to protect themselves against the Indians. The Tonquin next landed part of her cargo, of which Mr. M'Dougal took charge; and Mr. M'Kie accompanied Captain Thorne to trade with the Indians to the northward. For this purpose, they sailed from the river, and swept along the coast, communicating with the shore, till they came to Woody Point, where they ran into a snug harbour, in latitude of 50 deg. 8 min. N. and longitude 127 deg. 43 min. W.; in this place they carried on a brisk trade with the natives, of whom Captain Thorne, however, allowed too many to come on board. Mr. M'Kie remonstrated, and pointed out the danger to which they subjected themselves, by placing too much confidence in savages. But the captain was above taking his advice, and permitted still more liberty in visiting the ship. On the morning of the fatal catastrophe taking place, he was awakened by his brother (whom he had appointed chief mate in the room of the one who was lost, while Mr. Moffat was left at the Columbia river to command the schooner or shallop), coming to inform him, that the natives were crowding on board in very great numbers, and without women, which was a sure sign of their hostile intentions. Upon reaching the deck, Captain Thorne was alarmed, and ordered the ship to be got under-way; four persons went aloft to loose the sails, while the remainder were heaving at the windlass. The Indians had seated themselves round the decks between the guns, apparently without arms; but while the sailors were in the act of heaving the windlass, they gave a sudden yell, and drew long knives from their hair, in which they had them concealed, rushed on the men, and butchered every person on deck. Captain Thorne defended himself for some time, but was at length overpowered, after having killed several of his assailants. The people aloft, terrified by this slaughter, slid down by the stays, and got into the fore-castle, where, by means of the loop-holes, they soon cleared the decks of the savages. They were for some time at a loss how to act, and it was at length resolved that three should take the long-boat, and endeavour to reach the Columbia river; the blacksmith being wounded, preferred staying on board, and endeavouring to revenge the death of his ship-mates: the three men accordingly took provision and arms, and left the ship, and



pulled directly out to sea. The blacksmith then waved to the natives to return on board, having previously laid a train of gunpowder to the magazine, and got his musket ready to fire it. The Indians seeing but one man in the vessel, came off in great numbers, and boarded without fear. He pointed out to them where to find the different articles of trade; and while they were all busily employed breaking open boxes, loosing bales, &c. he fired the train, and jumped overboard. By this explosion was destroyed nearly the whole village. He was picked up by some of the canoes, and it is said by the natives, is still among them, but is never allowed to come near the sea-shore. It may appear strange that he was not put to some violent death; but the savages estimate too highly the value of a blacksmith, who repairs their muskets, makes knives, &c.; in short, he is the greatest acquisition they can have. With respect to the three men who escaped the massacre on board, not being able to weather Woody Point, they were driven on shore, and killed by the natives. The boat remains, together with the wreck of the Tonquin, to this day. The former part of this account of the loss of the Tonquin, I had from Mr. McDougal, the governor of the fort at Columbia river, and the remainder from the natives, with whom I have had frequent intercourse, and whom I invariably found it to my interest to use well, as they are sensible of the slightest attention, and are prone to revenge the slightest insult.

### Review of New Books.

*The Fate of Adelaide, a Swiss Romantic Tale; and other Poems.* By Letitia Elizabeth Landon. London, 1821. 12mo. pp. 154.

This, amid the number of works of the same character, which issue with such fertility from the press, has attracted our notice, not merely by its being the production of a youthful female pen, but by its possessing poetic merits of a very pleasing order. The critic will, no doubt, perceive in it those features which are common to inexperienced writers, and some that are rather peculiar to the fair sex. Exuberance of fancy, inequality of diction, and the lingering of partial fondness on images of beauty and nature, are obvious in the ideas and style. But there are touches worthy of more matured talent, and of genius more patiently cultivated; and as a first effort, we consider this little volume to offer far greater promise than is usual in similar performances by young ladies, whose fine tastes, or sometimes warmed imaginations, lead them to court the muses.

These poems are dedicated to a mortal of that class, namely, to Mrs. Siddons; and a brief preface intreats "gentle visitings" for the slight adventure upon public opinion: *The Fate of Adelaide*, in two Cantos, occupies nearly one-half of the volume, and is a tale of love, and war, and misfortune. The inconstancy of Orlando is the source of calamity. Adelaide dies broken-hearted, and the effect of her unhappy destiny is so strong

upon the betrayer of her truth, that both he and his eastern bride, Zoraida, fall victims to its baleful influence. How different from the prospects of their early affections, adorned by our Poetess with the following invocation:

Oh, Love! how exquisite thy visions are!  
Spring of the soul, what flowers can equal thine!  
When every other virtue fled from earth,  
Thou linger'st still, last solace of our path.  
What were the world, bereft of thee?—a void,  
Without one sunny place on which the eye  
Might rest for sweet refreshment. Thou art not  
A summer blossom only; it is thine  
To bloom in beauty on the wintry hour:  
When storms and sorrows press the spirit down,  
Then dost thou come, a gentle comforter,  
Tenderly binding up the broken heart.—  
Celestial thy first dawning! it is like  
The Morn awakening the smiling Hours,  
Calling the flowers from their fragrant dreams,  
And breathing melody and perfume around.  
So does thy influence brighten on the soul,  
Waking it to a new enchanted world,  
Where every thought is gladness."

But Orlando is summoned to the field:  
"It was the hour of parting, and they breath'd  
Those vows of tender constancy,—the hopes,  
The fears, the fond regrets that crowd the time  
Of love's farewell. Hope, for what joy can  
thrill

The maiden's bosom with such throb of bliss,  
As when, returning from the fields of death,  
The warrior comes in all the pride of fame,  
And seeks his dearest trophy in her smile!  
Fear, for what heart but sickens at the thought  
Of danger darkening round some cherish'd  
being!

A few short hurried vows of changeless faith,  
And their farewell was taken silently.  
That sorrow is not much, which seeks for words  
To image forth its grief. Methinks adieu  
Is cold, when uttered with aught else but tears.  
'Tis the bright hour of noon; the sun looks  
forth

In all his splendor, o'er the stirring scene  
Of thousands rushing onward to the strife.  
They come in armed ranks, and spear and  
shield

Are glistening in the ray. How beautiful,  
How glorious and how glad they move to death!  
The very banners sweep as they were proud  
To spread their crimson foldings to the air.  
Here the young warrior curbs his foaming  
steed,

Impatient for his first of fields; and here  
The toll-worn veteran, with his locks of age,  
White as the war-plume waving o'er his helm,  
Pants for the bursting of the battle storm.—  
How bright, how envied, is the warrior's fate!  
For him will glory bind her choicest wreaths  
Of fadeless laurels;—his the stormy joy,  
Which the brave spirit feels at honour's call,  
When the bard wakes his proudest minstrelsy:  
(And what can thrill the harp like warlike  
theme?)

His deeds will be remembered, and his name  
Will live for ever in the breath of song:  
Love's fairest roses 'neath the laurel grow,  
And woman's fondest sigh is for the brave."

This is a fine spirited sketch, and would do credit to any writer; and it is eminently deserving of a triumph, as the composition of one of the few years, and sex of our fair Sappho. *Adelaide* is next described as witnessing her hero depart, full of *Hope*; and the mention of this sentiment leads to an apostrophe, which it would be injustice not to quote:

"Hope, frail but lovely shadow! thou dost  
come,

Like a bright vision on our pathway here,  
Making the gloomy future beautiful,  
And gilding our horizon with a light,  
The fairest human eye can ever know.  
Fav'rite of heaven! 'twas thine to pledge the  
cup

Of Pleasure's sparkling waters undefil'd;  
But, oh! the draught was fleeting! scarce thy  
lip

Touch'd the clear nectar ere 'twas vanished.  
The soul of youth confides in thee; thy voice  
Is love's own halcyon music; it is thine  
To colour every dream of happiness.

I've pictur'd thine a soft ethereal form,  
Like to some light creation of the clouds—  
Some bright aerial wonder; o'er thy cheek  
The rose has shed its beauty; on thy brow  
The golden clusters play enwreath'd with  
flowers,

Gay with a thousand transitory hues;  
The rainbow tints are gleaming in thy wings;  
Thy laughing eyes are blue—not the deep shade  
Worn by the melancholy violet,

But the clear sunny blue of summer skies;  
And in thy hand a glass, wherein the eye  
May gaze on many a wonder—all is there  
That heart can pant for; many a glorious dream  
Meets the rapt sight, no sooner seen than gone.

False as thou art, O most illusive Hope!  
Reproach is not for thee: what, tho' the flowers  
Which thou dost scatter o'er our pilgrimage,  
Are evanescent, yet they are most sweet.

Who would not revel in thy witchery,  
Tho' all too soon the spell will be dissolved!  
The moments of thy reign are bless'd indeed;  
They are the purest pleasures life can boast—  
Reality is sadness."

Orlando, however, marries another in the east, and the forsaken *Adelaide* devotes herself to heaven. In returning, the former is driven by a night-storm, to seek shelter in an unknown castle: it is the scene of his plighted vows to *Adelaide*, but her father is dead, she is gone, and the hall has another lord. In painting the compunctions of his conscience, we have a very original and pretty view of the seasons:

"Orlando rove'd around; not his the bliss  
That breathes from recollections like the sigh  
Exhaling fragrance from the faded rose.

Ah! how unlike the calm and lovely nights,  
When last with *Adelaide* he wander'd here!

Then the moon glanced upon a summer sky—  
A smiling queen amid her starry court—  
And all around was loveliness, and love.

Now the departing autumn's shadowy hours  
Were passing in their gloom. Dark season!  
thou

Alone dost give a stern unkind farewell!—  
Fair is the young spring, with her golden hair  
And braids of dewy flowers, and her brow  
Has the soft beauty of a timid girl;

And, like a blushing bride, the summer comes,  
While the sun smiles upon his favourite child:  
When first thou dost magnificent succeed  
To the bright chariot of the circling year,

The valleys laugh, and plenty greets thy steps;  
Around thee then the cheerful corn-fields wave,  
And purple clusters sparkle on the vine;

Then the rich tints are colouring the leaves,  
Like the pavilion of an eastern king,  
And flowers breathe their latest, sweetest sigh.

Soon is thy beauty gone! the leaves and flowers,  
That wellcom'd thee at first, are quickly gone,  
Like faithless friends that flee adversity;

Then round thee blow the keen winds, like reproach,

That ever wait upon the sunless day.--  
Thy brow is sad, thy sky is lost in clouds,  
And darkness is around thee as a robe.  
Spring blushes into summer; summer goes,  
And leaves a glorious trace of light behind;---  
E'en winter softens into sunny spring;---  
But thou, pale melancholy season! thou  
Alone departest in thy hour of wrath!"

We have anticipated the catastrophe, but will add the few lines of its close, after the death of Zoraide.

What was his life thenceforth?--a fiery page,  
Traced with unreal characters; a night  
Gleaming with meteor flashes. They had laid  
Zoraide (for thus she wish'd it) by the side  
Of her sweet rival: there he leant:--morn  
came,  
And found him bending there; the evening  
dew

Fell damp upon his brow; his sole employ  
To braid these graves with fairest blossoms,  
While visions wild, and fearful images  
Of woe---the relics of reality---  
Usurp'd the throne of the etherial mind:  
This might not be for long. When first he  
twin'd  
His offerings round those tombs, the bee had  
just

Wak'd his soft music in the violet;  
And when the autumn's amber cluster shone  
Upon the green leav'd vines, Orlando slept  
In the dark shadowy dwellings of the dead!"

These extracts will, we trust, justify the praise we have bestowed upon this volume, and encourage its trembling author to more measured flights. She has the feeling and genius of poesy in her mind, and if she cultivates its mechanical requisites, represses words, cherishes deep-thinking, and ponders on selection and polish, will, we doubt not, add one other ornament to the brilliant and delightful train of British female bards.

From the minor poems, we select a few examples.

#### ABSENCE.

"And all the fix'd delights of house and home,  
Friendship that cannot break, and love that  
will not roam."

I will not say, I fear your absent one  
Will be forgotten; but you cannot feel  
The darkening thoughts that o'er my spirits  
steal,

When I remember I am quite alone---  
That all I lov'd most fondly, all are gone.  
T'you that deepest sorrow is unknown:  
Some very dear ones are beside you know;  
But cold is here each smile that meets my own;  
It does not lighten o'er some long lov'd brow.  
'Tis vain to tell me soon again we meet---  
That thought but makes the weary hours depart  
More slowly: hope is sickness to the heart  
When we so oft its accents must repeat.  
Affection is, in absence, as the flower  
Transplanted from the soil which gave it birth,  
Dew has no freshness, sunshine has no power;  
Drooping, it pines for its lov'd native earth.

#### SONNET.

Green willow! over whom the perilous blast  
Is sweeping roughly; thou dost seem to me  
The patient image of humility,  
Waiting in meekness till the storm be pass'd,  
Assured an hour of peace will come at last;  
That there will be for thee a calm bright day,  
When the dark clouds are gathered away.  
How canst thou ever Sorrow's emblem be?  
Rather I deem thy slight and fragile form,  
In mild endurance bending gracefully,

Is like the wounded heart, which, 'mid the  
storm,  
Looks for the promis'd time which is to be,  
In pious confidence. Thou shouldst wave  
Thy branches o'er the lowly martyr's grave."

#### STANZAS.

I do not weep that thou art laid  
Within the silent tomb;  
I weep not that the cold death-shade  
Hath marr'd thy youth's sweet bloom.  
'Tis with no wish to wake thy sleep  
These tears thy grave bedew;  
Ah, no!--ah, no! I only weep  
I am not sleeping too.  
What is my life, but a vain show,  
Of its last hope bereft?  
What spell can soothe the soul of woe,  
That has but memory left?  
How dear, how very dear thou art,  
These bitter drops may tell;---  
Sole treasure of my lonely heart,  
A long and sad farewell!

#### THE PHOENIX AND THE DOVE.

My wings are bright with the rainbow's dyes,  
My birth is amid perfume;  
My death-song is music's sweetest sighs;  
The sun himself lights my tomb.  
My flight is traced in the clouds above;  
The grave teems with life for me;  
I stand alone---Alone? cried the dove---  
Oh, I then can but pity thee!

There are many little pieces of equal merit, but these will serve to second our recommendation of Miss Landon's poems to the lovers of young talent.

#### MEMOIRS of Madame de Staël, during her Ten Years' Exile, &c.

In our last No. we presented this octavo to our readers, and analyzed its contents half way. We have now to continue our remarks, and shall take up the subject where we laid it down, viz. with the Duke d'Enghien, touching whom there is another simple but pathetic incident told. M. de S. says, "A lady of my acquaintance related to me, that a few days after the death of the Duke d'Enghien, she went to take a walk round the castle of Vincennes; the ground still fresh, marked the spot where he had been buried; some children were playing with little quoits upon this mound of turf, the only monument for the ashes of such a man. An old invalid, with silvered locks, was sitting at a little distance, and remained some time looking at these children; at last he arose, and leading them away by the hand, said to them, shedding some tears, 'Do not play there, my children, I beseech you.' These tears were all the honours that were paid to the descendant of the great Condé, and the earth did not long bear the impression of them."

When M. de Staël's exile was announced to her by the Duke of Rovigo, he writes thus whimsically: "You must not seek for the cause of the order which I have signified to you, in the silence which you have observed with regard to the emperor in your last work; that would be a great mistake; he could find no place there which was worthy of him; but your exile is a natural consequence of the line of conduct you have constantly pursued for several years

past. It has appeared to me that the air of this country did not at all agree with you, and we are not yet reduced to seek for models in the nations whom you admire."

"Your last work is not at all French; it is by my orders that the impression has been seized. I regret the loss which it will occasion to the bookseller; but it is not possible for me to allow it to appear." And the disappointed author, who had 10,000 copies destroyed, avenges herself in these remarks, the whole affair being such as could have happened nowhere but in France, under Buonaparte and his ministers: "The stale hypocrisy with which I was told that the air of this country did not agree with me, and the denial of the real cause of the suppression of my book, are worthy of remark. In fact, the minister of police had shown more frankness in expressing himself verbally respecting me: he asked, why I never named the emperor or the army in my work on Germany? On its being objected, that the work being purely literary, I could not well have introduced such subjects, 'Do you think then,' replied the minister, 'that we have made war for eighteen years in Germany, and that a person of such celebrity should print a book upon it, without saying a word about us? This book shall be destroyed, and the author deserves to be sent to Vincennes.'"

Another anecdote of an earlier period (in 1800) is also so characteristic of all parties and of the nation, that we shall here transcribe it, though the art of smart conversation suffers from the exposé. "I was (says our author) invited to General Berthier's one day, when the first consul was to be of the party; and as I knew that he expressed himself very unfavourably about me, it struck me that he might perhaps accost me with some of those rude expressions, which he often took pleasure in addressing to females, even to those who paid their court to him; I wrote down, therefore, as they occurred to me, before I went to the entertainment, a variety of tart and piquant replies, which I might make to what I supposed he might say to me. I did not wish to be taken by surprise, if he allowed himself to insult me, for that would have been to show a want both of character and understanding; and as no person could promise themselves not to be confused in the presence of such a man, I prepared myself beforehand to brave him. Fortunately the precaution was unnecessary; he only addressed the most common questions possible to me; and the same thing happened to all of his opponents, to whom he attributed the possibility of replying to him: at all times, however, he never attacks, but when he feels himself much the strongest. During supper, the first consul stood behind the chair of Madame Buonaparte, and balanced himself sometimes on one leg, and sometimes on the other, in the manner of the princes of the house of Bourbon. I made my neighbour remark this violation for royalty, already so decided."

Observing upon one of the minor griev-



ances inflicted upon her, M. de Staël says—

"The prefect of Geneva had received no orders to refuse me my passports for Paris, but I knew that the first consul had said in the midst of his circle, that I would do well not to return; and he was already in the habit, on subjects of this nature, of dictating his pleasure in conversation, in order to prevent his being called upon, by the anticipation of his orders. If he had in this manner said, that such and such an individual ought to go and hang himself, I believe that he would have been displeased, if the submissive subject had not, in obedience to the hint, bought a rope and prepared the gallows."

We do not know how far this might have been the case, but we have heard stories which showed that stronger intimations of the kind were both given and obeyed. A wretch, who was commandant at Verdun, and whose extortions from our unfortunate countrymen there, and abuse of these injured prisoners were long winked at, became at last so notoriously infamous, that the imperial cabinet was under the necessity of noticing the complaints against him. We are assured, that on this occasion, the offender received from the minister of the interior a letter, stating that the emperor had inquired into his conduct, and found it to be criminal; and therefore had ordered him, *if he happened to be alive on such a day*, to be adjudged by a military commission, and shot. The villain took the hint, and destroyed himself.

In the second division of these memoirs, the author relates the persecutions she endured after her return to Coppet; the banishment of her friends; and the particulars of her own flight through Austria into Russia, of her residence in the latter country, and final departure for Stockholm, when the French were about to enter Moscow. In spite of her morbid feelings and imaginary whims, there is much of striking interest in these pages, which strangely combine the fantastic with the intelligent, and the romantic with the acutely rational. She passes through Orleans, for example, and paints her emotions in these words: "One feels a singular sensation in wandering through a town, where you neither know, nor are known to a soul. I felt a kind of bitter enjoyment in picturing to myself my isolated situation in its fullest extent, and in still looking at that France which I was about to quit, perhaps for ever, without speaking to a person, or being diverted from the impression which the country itself made upon me. Occasionally persons passing stopped to look at me, from the circumstance, I suppose, of my countenance having, in spite of me, an expression of grief; but they soon went on again, as it is long since mankind have been accustomed to witness persons suffering." In like manner, an order to halt only eight hours instead of twenty-four, or the attendance of a police commissary, are indescribable horrors! "The commissary intrusted with the inspection of me, fatigued himself in bowing to the very ground; but would not in the least modify his charge. He got into a

calèche, the horses of which followed me so close, that they touched the hind wheels of my berline. The idea of entering, escorted in this manner, into the residence of an old friend, into a paradise of delight, where I had been feasting my ideas by anticipation, with spending several days; this idea, I say, made me so ill, that I could not get the better of it; joined to that also was, I believe, the irritation of finding at my heels this insolent spy, a very fit subject, certainly, to outwit, if I had had the desire, but who did his duty with an intolerable mixture of pedantry and rigor. I was seized with a nervous attack in the middle of the road, and they were obliged to lift me out of my carriage, and lay me down on the side of the ditch." One can hardly commiserate real evils, when they are invoked so hysterically to pity such trifling chagrias as these. On her route from Coppet, M. de S. says, "I had a curiosity to see the Cretins of the Valais, of whom I had so often heard. This miserable degradation of man affords ample subject for reflection; but it is excessively painful to see the human countenance thus become an object of horror and repugnance." I remarked, however, in several of these poor creatures, a degree of vivacity bordering on astonishment, produced on them by external objects. As they never recognize what they have already seen, they feel each time fresh surprise; and the spectacle of the world, with all its details, is thus for ever new to them; it is, perhaps, the compensation for their sad state, for certainly their's is one. It is some years since a Cretin, having committed assassination, was condemned to death: as he was led to the scaffold, he took it into his head, seeing himself surrounded with a crowd of people, that he was accompanied in this manner to do him honour; and he laughed, held himself erect, and put his dress in order, with the idea of rendering himself more worthy of the fête. Was it right to punish such a being for the crime which his arm had committed?"

Reverting to her principal theme, she tells us, that, in 1811, "The news I received announced to me from all quarters the formidable preparations of the emperor: it was evident that he wished first to make himself master of the ports of the Baltic by the destruction of Russia, and that afterwards he reckoned on making use of the wrecks of that power to lead them against Constantinople; and his subsequent intention was, to make that the point of starting for the conquest of Asia and Africa. A short time before he left Paris, he had said, 'I am tired of this old Europe.' And in truth she is no longer sufficient for the activity of her master." \* \* \*

"At Gitomir, the chief town of Volhynia, I was told that the Russian minister of police had been sent to Wilna, to learn the motive of the emperor Napoleon's aggression, and to make a formal protest against his entry into the Russian territory. One can hardly credit the numberless sacrifices made by the emperor Alexander in order to preserve peace. And, in fact, far from Napoleon having it in his power to accuse the emperor Alex-

ander of violating the treaty of Tilsit, the latter might have been reproached with a too scrupulous fidelity to that fatal treaty; and it was rather he who had the right of declaring war against Napoleon, as having first violated it. The emperor of France, in his conversation with M. Balasheff, the minister of police, gave himself up to those inconceivable indiscretions which might be taken for *abandon*, if we did not know that it suits him to increase the terror which he inspires, by exhibiting himself as superior to all kinds of calculation. 'Do you think,' said he to M. Balasheff, 'that I care a straw for these Polish Jacobins?' And I have been really assured that there is in existence a letter, addressed several years since, to M. de Romazoff by one of Napoleon's ministers, in which it was proposed to strike out the name of Poland and the Poles from all European acts. How unfortunate for this nation that the emperor Alexander had not taken the title of king of Poland, and thereby associated the cause of this oppressed people with that of all generous minds! Napoleon asked one of his generals, in the presence of M. de Balasheff, if he had ever been at Moscow, and what sort of a city it was? The general replied, that it had appeared to him to be rather a large village than a capital. And how many churches are there in it? continued the emperor. About sixteen hundred, was the reply. That is quite inconceivable, rejoined Napoleon, at a time when the world has ceased to be religious. Pardon me, sire, said M. de Balasheff, the Russians and Spaniards are so still. Admirable reply! and which presaged, one would hope, that the Russians would be the Castilians of the north."

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### SKETCHES OF INDIA.

(Continued.)

The following is a characteristic sketch of native manners, and of European ascendancy:—

"At Naggery, a serious robbery was committed on an officer of my detachment. The town and neighbourhood being under a native zemindar, or petty rajah, though subject to us, is under his immediate rule. The head people of Naggery, who I had reason to know harboured and protected the thieves, rather countenancing, and perhaps benefiting by their system of plundering travellers, showed no disposition to take any trouble about the matter, I therefore arrested two of them; this led to an amusing scene. The rajah, who lives a few miles distant, sent his vakeel to accommodate matters between us, and interfere for their release. This man, a most respectable looking elderly person, of grave polite demeanor, came on horseback at the head of a large crowd of people, among whom were several brahmins and well-dressed natives, and about forty armed men, with round lacerated shields, swords, cresces, and tall spears. They wore large turbans overshadowing their brows, and on their feet sandals of a rude and ancient make, the

leather of them cut and stamped ornamentally. The vakeel alighted at some distance from my tent, put off his slippers at the door of it, and with his hands joined, as we do in prayer, entered with a very low salaam, bowing down and touching his forehead with his hands. Some attendants brought in curious old brass dishes, presents of fruit, sweetmeats, rice, and flowers; outside, others held two fine sheep, and several fowls. Not thoroughly understanding or yielding to their usages, I touched the flowers and fruit in token of acceptance, and forbade the rest. I treated him with great respect, and expressed myself to him plainly, without heat, but with serious displeasure.

"I wanted him to reimburse my officer by a fine on the village, and refused to release my prisoners without this was done. He was disposed to do it, and conferred with the prisoners, but they were unyielding, as, to their astonishment, I proved also; for I took these proud brahmins three stages with me; and, but for the kindly conveyed advice of the Chittoor magistrate, had marched them many more; which, from their insolence, and the information I knew them to possess about the property lost, they merited; and I am sure they would then have found means to recover it. But it was only to introduce the group that I have troubled you with this story; and I must add, that when after the vakeel had conferred with the prisoners he came to take leave of me, I was standing in the open air in my loose undress almost alone. The whole party halted about forty yards from me, and he advancing with a few, about twenty, left his slippers there, and approached me barefooted."

We copy the annexed merely as a concise enumeration of the Hindoo divinities; it occurs in the account of a Pagoda:—

"Here you may see faithfully represented in black granite, all the incarnations of Vishnou the preserver; here Siva the destroyer, riding on his bull with a snake twisted round his neck, and a crescent on his head; Krishen, their Apollo, with his flute; Camadeva, their Cupid, riding on a parrot, with his bow of sugar-cane strung with flowers or bees; Ganesa, the god of prudence, with his elephant-head; Surya, the sun, drawn in his chariot by a seven-headed horse; Chandava, the moon, in a car drawn by antelopes; Agnee, the god of fire, riding on a ram; Varoona, the god of the seas, on a crocodile. Many female deities and inferior nymphs presiding over seasons, instruments of music, &c.; or crowds of warriors on horseback, and the fabulous actions of their superior gods portrayed in groups and pictures of demi-relief every where; generally in front of the idol, and in other parts of the temple you see lingams on their altars.

"Near every pagoda is kept a huge wooden car, or rather temple, on wheels. This, also, is curiously carved; but the scenes and figures represented are usually so indecent and unnatural as not to admit of description. At certain seasons, an idol, painted and adorned, is placed on it, and

dragged by the united strength of hundreds in procession."

From Madras, in June, 1819, the author sailed to Calcutta, where, among other spectacles, he saw the Governor-General presiding at the college disputation. "In a state chair, covered with crimson velvet, and richly gilt, with a group of aide-de-camps and secretaries standing behind him, sat the Marquis of Hastings. Two servants with state punkaps of crimson silk were fanning him, and behind them again were several native servants bearing silver staffs. Next him, on either side, were seated the examiners, and below them again, the most distinguished ladies of the presidency. Next, in an open space, were two small rostrums for the disputants, and chairs for the professors; the room behind these, and fronting the marquis, was quite filled with company, and in the rear of all, the body guard was drawn up in full uniforms of scarlet, with naked sabres." In other places he speaks highly of the noble Marquis, and rather disparagingly of the Marquis of Wellesley. An anecdote of another British soldier may be here introduced:—"When, in 1791, the British lay before the fort of Gooty, it was pronounced, at the deliberations of a military council, as it looks, impregnable. This report was delivered to Major Gowdie, commanding:—he bluntly replied, 'I have got the order in my pocket to take it!' And, on the morrow, he assaulted and carried it."

Before leaving Calcutta, and proceeding up the Ganges for Benares, the traveller visited the menagerie, which is not so fine and large as he expected:—"The black panther, the wild Cape dog, and the Java pig, with its curious snout protruding like the proboscis of the elephant, and used in like manner, are the only rare animals. It must be owned, however, that no menagerie could show, in one cage, a more noble sight than the three full-grown royal tigers, of enormous size, here grouped together. To watch them as they slumbered, or indolently played with each other, like our domestic cats in a cottage window, was a favourite amusement with me while I resided close to this park. I confess, the childishness of my taste was no less gratified, as, in the evening, I used to see the Howdah elephants of the Governor-general carrying out his domestic-looking select party for the evening-air."

We shall not stop on the route to Benares; the account of that place itself is interesting:—"Perhaps (says our authority) there is no city in India which a traveller feels more desirous of visiting than Benares (or Casi the Splendid), the ancient seat of brahminical learning, the present school of Hindoo theology, the university from whence educated brahmins are sent forth yearly to perpetuate the reign of error; that most holy city, to whose absolving shrines all the yet-powerful or wealthy na-

"It not infrequently happens, that frantic devotees throw themselves on the ground, as the temple approaches, and suffer themselves to be crushed by its wheels."

tions of Hindoostan send vakeels, to perform, by proxy, their sacrifices and ablutions."

"The city is only to be visited on horseback, or in a palanquin. I decided, at the recommendation of my friend, on a tonjon, or open sedan-chair; as thus only can you leisurely survey every thing, from the extreme narrowness of the streets, and the crowds in them, through whom your way must be cleared by a police-trooper in your front.

"In the heart of this strange city, you are borne through a labyrinth of lanes, with houses of six or seven stories high on either side, communicating with each other above, in some places, by small bridges thrown across the street. These houses are of stone or brick; and many of them are painted either in plain colours or stripes, or with representations of the Hindoo deities. Every bazaar or street containing shops, you find a little; and but a little, wider than the others. Shops here stand in distinct and separate streets, according to their goods and trades. In one, all are embroiderers in muslin, which they work here in gold and silver most beautifully; in another, silk-merchants; in another are displayed shawls; in some, shops filled only with slippers; in one, jewel-merchants; in the next, mere lapidaries. Several contiguous streets are filled entirely with the workmen in brass, who make the small brazen idols; also the various urns, dishes, vessels, lamps, which the Hindoos require either for domestic or sacred purposes. These shops make a very bright and showy display; and, from the ancient forms, various sizes and patterns of their vessels, attract your attention strongly. You meet numbers of the naked officiating brahmins indeed, but you also see here a distinct class of wealthy brahmins, most richly dressed in fine muslin turbans, vests of the most beautiful silks, and valuable shawls. Their conveyances out of the city are the open native palanquins, with crimson canopies; or hackrees, sometimes very handsome, and drawn by two showy horses, with long flowing manes.

"The women in Benares (for many of high cast fetch all their own water) are beautifully formed, wear garments of the richest dyes, and walk most gracefully. But these are minor features;—innumerable Hindoo youth, of high cast, are sent hither for education. They have not colleges or schools, but reside six or seven in each brahmin's or pundit's house, and pursue the studies which he enjoins. There are eight thousand houses in Benares belonging to brahmins: what number may receive students I know not; perhaps not more than one thousand."

"He who has looked upon the pagodas of the south of India, is quite surprised to find those of Benares so few in number, so small and inconsiderable. The principal one is covered with much beautiful sculpture, representing fancy flower-and-wreath borderings. I went into it. During the whole time I remained, there was a constant succession of worshippers; for,



except on festivals, they visit their temples at any hour they please or find convenient. This temple is dedicated to Mahadeva; and has several altars, with lingams of large size and beautiful black marble. It has two fine statues of the bull of Siva couchant; and, small as the temple was, three or four Brahminy bulls were walking about in it, stopping in the most inconvenient places. All the floor was one slop, from the water used at the offerings; and the altars, shrines, &c. were quite covered with flowers, glistening with the waters of the Ganges. The only thing in the temple, which was to me novel, was a small representation in brass of Surya, the Indian Apollo, standing up in his car, and drawn by a seven-headed horse. The arched crests and eager bend of their necks were exceedingly well executed. It appeared to me to stand neglected in the temple; and none of the priests seemed to have any feeling of particular interest about it."

From Renares the author went to Agra, and thence traversed Central India, through the country of Scindiah, and across the Deccan, to Bangalore in the Mysore country. His account of Scindiah's Mahratta camp near Gualior, interests us: but this, and our conclusion, we must defer to another publication.

## TRAVELS OF COSMO III. IN ENGLAND,

A. D. 1689.—(Concluded.)

From the excursion down the river we abstain, to find a room for the author's notice of the palace of Whitehall, "the residence of the king (he says) is more remarkable for its situation, which is on the Thames, and for its connexion with the beautiful Park of St. James's, than for the nobleness of its structure, being nothing more than an assemblage of several houses, badly built, at different times and for different purposes; it has nothing in its exterior from which you could suppose it to be the habitation of the king. All its magnificence is confined to the royal saloon, lately erected according to rules of architecture, and adorned with pillars and other decorations, for the reception and audience of ambassadors, and for the public entertainments which are given there with great splendor at the installation of the Knights of the Garter; and on this account it is called the Banqueting Room. The ceiling is richly gilded, and decorated with pictures of Rubens, which are admirable both in the design and execution. Above the door which leads into the room, and which is opposite the royal throne, is a statue in relief of King Charles I., whose majestic mien delights the spectator, while he is at the same time saddened by the remembrance of the mournful catastrophe which took place in this very room. On the threshold of the window there are still to be seen drops of blood, which fell there in the execution of that dreadful enormity, so deeply imprinted, that they have not been able to obliterate them from the spot, though they have frequently washed it in the hope of doing so.

"The rest of the king's habitation is mean and out of all order, being divided into lodges, galleries, halls, and chambers, of which there are reckoned to be as many as two thousand. It was in consequence of the great number of these, that the Protector Cromwell, to secure himself against the attempts which were plotting against his person, and to prevent the place where he slept from being known, went secretly every night first into one and then into another, without even his domestics being acquainted with his movements."

His general view of the English character is remarkable. "The common people of London, giving way to their natural inclination, are proud, arrogant, and uncivil to foreigners, against whom, and especially the French, they entertain a great prejudice, and cherish a profound hatred, treating such as come among them with contempt and insult. The nobility, though also proud, have not so usually the defects of the lower orders, displaying a certain degree of politeness and courtesy towards strangers; and this is still more the case with those gentlemen who have been out of the kingdom, and travelled, they having taken a lesson in politeness from the manners of other nations. Almost all of them speak French and Italian, and readily apply themselves to learn the latter language from the good-will which they entertain towards our nation; and, although by their civil treatment of foreign gentlemen, whom they endeavour to imitate, they moderate a little that stiffness or uncouthness which is peculiar to them, yet they fail in acquiring such good manners as to put them on a level with the easy gentility of the Italians, not being able to get the better of a certain natural melancholy, which has the appearance of eternally clouding their minds with unpleasant thoughts.

"The English in general are, by nature, proud, phlegmatic in execution, and patient in their behaviour, so that they never hurry those who work for them by an indiscreet impatience, but suffer them to go on at their own pleasure, and according to their ability; this proceeds from their melancholy temperament, for which those who live in the north of England are more remarkable than those in the south; the former being saturnine, and the latter somewhat more lively. They consider a long time before they come to a determination; but having once decided, their resolution is irrevocable, and they maintain their opinion with the greatest obstinacy. It is a common custom with the lower order of people, however, rather than with the nobility, who are less given to it, after dinner or at public houses, when they are transacting business of any kind, to take tobacco, and smoke, so that there does not pass a day in which the artisans do not indulge themselves in going to the public houses, which are exceedingly numerous, neglecting their work, however urgent it may be; hence it is, that the French make fortunes in London, for, being more attentive to their business, they sell their manufactures at a lower price than the English, who would fain derive the same profits as other artisans, however little they work.

"The English are men of a handsome countenance and shape, and of an agreeable complexion, which is attributable to the temperature of the climate, to the nature of their food, and to the use of beer rather than wine, and, above all, to the salubrity of the air, which is almost always clear; that thick atmosphere which is seen from a distance hovering over London, not being caused by corrupt vapours, but arising casually from the smoke of the mineral coal from Scotland, which issues from the chimneys, and which the coal, being an oleaginous substance, produces in great quantities.

"The women in London are not inferior to the men either in stature or in beauty, for they are all of them handsome, and for the most part tall, with black eyes, abundance of light-coloured hair, and a neatness which is extreme, their only personal defect being their teeth, which are not, generally speaking, very white. They live with all the liberty that the custom of the country authorizes. This custom dispenses with that rigorous constraint and reservedness which are practised by the women of other countries, and they go whithersoever they please, either alone, or in company; and those of the lower order frequently go so far as to play at ball publicly in the streets. They are very fond of paying respect to foreigners, and in society show them a vast deal of courtesy and attention. The slightest possible introduction is sufficient to be admitted to their conversation, on the same terms as their countrymen and relations, who, on their parts, behave to them with the greatest modesty, holding female honour in the highest respect and veneration. They do not easily fall in love, nor throw themselves into the arms of men; but if they are smitten by the amorous passion, they become infatuated, and sacrifice all their substance for the sake of the beloved object; and if he deserts them, they are sunk into great despair and affliction. Their style of dressing is very elegant, entirely after the French fashion, and they take more pride in rich clothes (which are worn of value even by women of the lowest rank) than in precious jewels, all their expense in the latter article being confined to pearls, of which they wear necklaces of very great price; consequently, pearls are in great esteem and request in England. They are remarkably well-informed in the dogmas of the religion they profess; and when they attend at the discourses of their ministers or preachers, they write down an abridgment of what they say, having in their letters abbreviations, which facilitate to them, and to the men also (thanks to their natural quickness and the acuteness of their genius) the power of doing this with rapidity; and this they do that they may afterward avail themselves of it in the controversies and disputes which they hold on religious matters. Such and so great is the respect which the English entertain for their women, that in their houses the latter govern every thing despotically, making themselves feared by the men, courageous as they are on other occasions, and of a most manly spirit, and valiant in war, both by land and sea, to a degree



that amounts almost to rashness. The truth of this remark may be seen by recurring to the history of the times when they have been governed by queens, who have reigned over them with an authority that was absolute, and more decided than that of kings themselves.

"There is no want of any thing whatever in London, because all things go on regularly and in order. For the accommodation of those who have business which obliges them to go about in different directions, there are found at every corner decent coaches, well equipped, to carry passengers either into the country or about the city; of these there are reckoned to be altogether eight hundred; they are taken by time, charging so much an hour, and something extra for the first: and on the Thames, all the way from Windsor to the Fleet, there are ten thousand small boats, to take persons up and down the river, or to ferry them over from one side to the other. For the perfect security of walking in the city by day, not only all danger of violence, but even all fear or suspicion is removed by the prohibition against carrying arms; and, therefore, with the exception of foreigners, few wear a sword. At night, the streets are lighted till a certain hour in the morning, by large lanterns, disposed in various forms, and fixed with great regularity against the doors of houses; and whenever you wish for them, you may find boys at every step, who run before you with lighted torches. To obviate the disorders which might arise in consequence of quarrels, or other offences, there is appointed, in every one of the six-and-twenty wards into which London is divided, a constable, who on such occasions attends, and orders the quarrellers or delinquents to be taken up; and let their rank be what it may, they are obliged to submit, being driven by force into prison, or confined in certain machines called stocks, which are prepared for the purpose. To guard the city, some of the inhabitants are obliged every night to go the rounds, and to patrol the streets of their ward, armed with halberds; and whoever is guilty of any excess, they lodge in the parish prison, in order to present him in the morning at the criminal bar; consequently the city can be traversed and business carried on freely and securely at all hours, there being appointed by the public, for the convenience of traders and others, certain persons called sworn porters, who execute with approved fidelity whatever is committed to their charge, carrying even money in large sums."

But it is full time for us to close this long review. The author, it may readily be guessed, is very sore with our ancestors on the score of religion: he abuses us as heretics, and thus enumerates the various sects:—"Protestants, or those of the Established Religion, Puritans, Presbyterians, Atheists, Brownists, Adamites, Familists or the Family of Love, Anabaptists, Libertines, Independents, Fanatics, Arians, Antiscripturists, Millenarians, Memnonists, Enthusiasts, Seekers, Sabbatarians, Antisabbatarians, Perfectionists, Fotinians, Antitrinitarians, Sceptics, Tremblers or Quakers, Monarchists or Fifth Monarchy-Men, Socinians, Latitudinarians, Originites, Deists, Chiliasts, Antinomians, Armenians, Quintinists, Ranters, and Levellers."

Of course he finds nothing good in any of these, but some of his descriptions are ludicrously pointed. For instance, "The sect of the Puritans is united to the Calvinists of Geneva; and in England they are called Puritans, from considering themselves pure, and free from all sin, leaving out, in the Lord's Prayer, *Et dimitte nobis debita nostra*, 'And forgive us our trespasses.' They are divided into *Wet* Puritans, who incline a little to Lutheranism, and *Rigid*, who admit nothing but pure Calvinism. Nevertheless they unite together in being sworn enemies of the Catholics, as also of the Protestants, and of the monarchical government. From these come the Presbyterians; and from these again arose the Independents in the late rebellion, the object of which was to unite all the sects in a league for the suppression of the royal dignity."

"*Sect of the Atheists.*—Atheism has many followers in England. It may be called the very abyss of blindness, and the uttermost limit of the pestilential heresy of Calvin. The professors of it say that there is no God; they do not believe in a Resurrection to come; they deny the immortality of the soul; and teach that every thing happens by chance; and, as a natural consequence, they follow their own perverse inclinations, without having any regard to futurity, but thinking only of the present time."

We have now extracted nearly all that is most worthy from Count Magalotti's journal, and have only further to say, that the prints are somewhat curious in a topographical view, but wretched as works of art. Every place seems to resemble every other, and they are all brown daubs, without distinctiveness or merit. The whole ought to have been produced at one-half of the actual charge.

#### BUONAPARTE, BYRON, AND MOORE.

We translate the following article from a foreign journal:—

*La Mort de Napoléon, Dithyrambe, traduit de l'Anglais de Lord Byron, précédé d'une Notice sur la Vie, et la Mort de Napoléon Buonaparte, par Sir Thomas Moore.\**

SUCH is the title of a work which has just appeared here (Brussels), and which cannot fail of obtaining success. The following is an extract from the notice by Mr. Moore, which is written with great impartiality.

"Napoleon remained six years in his solitary prison, employed in gardening and hunting, and amusing himself, it is said, by writing his memoirs. The latter circumstance has, however, been doubted; for some individuals have not scrupled to assert, that he did not know how to write. Have they forgotten his immortal proclamations, and that military eloquence of which

\* The French, it appears, have conferred the honour of Knighthood on Mr. Moore.

he was the founder? Have they forgotten that he wrote political poems and pamphlets, remarkable for vigour of style. He prohibited their re-publication because he did not choose that the love of liberty which he manifested under the republic, should be compared with his despotism during the empire. Napoleon had latterly become gloomy and melancholy; he avoided the sight of men, and particularly of the English. In his hours of solitude he was frequently heard to exclaim, '*The monsters! why did they not shoot me? I should then, at least, have died a soldier's death.*'"

"Lord Byron's dithyrambic was written in an evening; it is the offspring of a lofty and enthusiastic imagination. In his poetic warmth, however, the author occasionally vents unjust accusations against his native country."

The following stanzas, which are quoted by the French critic, will afford our readers a specimen of the style in which the poem is translated:—

"Napoléon n'est plus! et la nature est muette; et l'Europe est tranquille; et les fêtes ne sont point interrompues! L'ange de la mort a-t-il donc frappé la tête vile d'un homme obscur? Non: l'homme du siècle est tombé, et l'Europe voit d'un cœur froid la chute du colosse qui fit trembler le monde."

"Un roc sauvage, au fond des mers était l'asile de celui qui occupa le premier trône, qui vit autour de lui une cour de rois, qui porta partout la victoire et ceignit partout les lauriers. Comment un si grand homme est-il tombé? il semblait l'idole de son peuple."

"Ah! il fut ingrat avec ce peuple généreux. Il crut qu'il ne devait sa gloire qu'à lui seul. Un fol orgueil s'empara de son ame; et ceux qui lui avaient dit, *Sois notre chef, mais nous sommes tes frères*, devinrent ses esclaves."

#### Arts and Sciences.

##### VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

THE Nautilus, which accompanied the discovery vessels, as a store-ship, has returned. She left the Hecla and Fury on the 1st ultimo, off Resolution Island, and about to proceed to Southampton Island. They had a fair passage out, and a letter from one of the officers indicates the following as the route they will endeavour to prosecute: "From the lat. of Resolution Island, namely, 61. 40. N. and long. 63 W. it is intended to steer about a North West course, and, if possible, explore an inlet to the east of Repulse Bay, which has never been entered but by the Fox, 150 years ago. Thence an attempt will be made to reach Hearne's Sea, and thence it is hoped the way will be clear to Mackenzie's Sea, and Behring's Straits!"

The account describes the expedition as most amply provided for more than three years, with preserved meats, &c. The mean temperature at their then station was about 35° of Fahrenheit: there was a constant current setting from the N. W. to the S. E.

## ORIGINAL: ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

Since writing this short notice, we have received two private letters from officers in this expedition: they are dated the 29th of June: latitude 62 deg. 30 min. N. and longitude 60 deg. 24 min. W. The first says, "On reviewing my journal of our voyage hitherto, I find that nothing has occurred worthy of being mentioned. We sailed from the Orkneys on the 30th of May,\* and had an excellent passage across the Atlantic; for, on the 10th June, we were in the longitude of Cape Farewell in Greenland, viz. 44 deg. 12 min. W. On the 14th of June, we saw the first Iceberg, being then in lat. 60 deg. 26 min. N. and long. 53 deg. 24 W.; and since that time we have had more or less ice in sight every day. On the 20th inst: we came to the main body of the ice, and as the transport that accompanied us, was not fitted for getting amongst it, we made fast to a berg, and have been occupied in unloading her of stores, provisions, fuel, &c. I have only further to add, that the crews are in excellent health, and good spirits. The weather is remarkably fine, the average temperature of the air in the shade is seldom, indeed, more than two or three degrees above the freezing point, but, in these regions, this may be reckoned temperate. Adieu for the present. I hope the next account you hear of us, will be from China."

Our second letter is both personally and publicly interesting, as our friend speaks of this being, "probably, the only opportunity he shall have, for two or three years, of writing to us." He then mentions, that, the unloading of the transport was interrupted during several days on account of its blowing fresh, and adds, "Now that we have got all on board of our ships, they are as full (if I may use the vulgar comparison) as an egg is full of meat; so that we are provided with food and fuel, for three years at least; therefore, be not surprised, if you should not hear any thing more of us for that period, unless we are so fortunate as to get through. Our plan is, to get to the coast of America, through one of the openings or straits on the north side of Hudson's Bay, and afterwards to keep along the coast, to the westward, as it is supposed the sea will be open near the land, owing to the rivers and streams which discharge themselves into it, dissolving the ice. That the vicinity of land is very beneficial, in this respect, we had ample proofs in our last voyage; but whether its effects will be such as to open a navigable passage along the northern shores of America, I will not pretend to say, since that is the problem, the solution of which, is the principal object of the expedition. As far as we are able to judge, from the appearance of the ice (having proceeded so short a way), we are likely to get through it this season, as we were at the beginning of our last voyage;† and, according to my experience,

\* From the Nore on the 8th, and arrived at the Orkneys on the 18th—detained by contrary winds to the 30th.

† This opinion is of considerable importance, coming, as it does, from one of the most scientific individuals in the expedition.—E.D.

there is very little difference in the state of ice, or of the seasons in these parts, taking one year with another.

## REMARKABLE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

M. TRENCALYZE, vicar-general of Digne, has sent the following narrative, to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris. He remarks, that the lightning struck the church, while the bells were ringing.

The village of Chateaufort is situated in the commune of Digne, in the department of the Lower Alps, south-east of the little town of Moustiers, which is known for a very excellent manufactory of earthenware. The village stands on the extreme point of one of the first Alps, which rise amphitheatrically above Moustiers. It contains, besides the church and parsonage, fourteen houses, on an eminence which is cut off by the angles of two other mountains, one to the east, and the other to the west. The interval which divides the village from the mountain to the east, is so narrow and deep, that the sight of it inspires terror: 105 scattered huts, chiefly on the east side of the mountain, contain a population of 500 souls.

On Sunday, July 11th, 1819, M. Salome, clergyman of Moustiers and episcopal commissioner, came to Chateaufort to induct a new rector. About half an hour past ten, the procession went from the parsonage to the church. The weather was fine, only there were some heavy clouds in the sky. The new rector had begun the celebration of mass. A young man, eighteen years of age, was singing the epistle, when three claps of thunder were heard, instantaneously succeeding each other. The mass-book was torn out of his hands, and rent to pieces: he felt the flame on his body, which soon caught him by the neck. At first, he cried aloud; but, he now closed his mouth by an involuntary motion, was thrown down, and rolled towards the people assembled in the church, who also sunk upon the ground, and were cast out of the door of the church—(Toutes les personnes rassemblées dans l'église avoient été terrassées et jetées ainsi hors la porte.) As soon as he came to himself, he returned into the church, where he found the clergyman of Moustiers quite senseless. He immediately called to his assistance some persons who were only slightly wounded: they lifted up the clergyman, extinguished his upper garments, which were burning, and by means of vinegar, restored him to his senses in two hours. He vomited a considerable quantity of blood. He affirmed, that he had not heard the thunder, and indeed knew nothing of what had passed. He was carried to the parsonage house. The electric fluid has struck the upper part of the gold trimming of his stole, whence it descended, tore off one of his shoes, which it threw to the other end of the church, and broke the metal buckle. The chair on which he sat was also broken to pieces.

On the second day after the event, the clergyman was conveyed to his own house, at Moustiers, where it was two months

before his wound, were perfectly healed. He had a wound, some fingers broad, on the right shoulder, another extended from the middle of the back part of the right upper arm, to the middle of the exterior side of the lower arm; a third deep wound went from the middle of the back part of the left upper arm, to the middle of the back part of the lower arm, on the same side; a fourth, less considerable and shallower, was on the outer side of the lower part of the left shoulder; and a fifth, on the upper lip, near the nose. He was tormented for nearly two months, by a total deprivation of sleep: he felt his arms lamed, and since that time always suffers by the changes of the weather.

A little child was torn out of its mother's arms, and thrown to the distance of six paces: it recovered in the open air. The legs of every individual felt lamed: the terrified woman presented a dismal spectacle. The church was filled with a thick black smoke, so that objects could only be distinguished by the glare of the flames, proceeding from the clothes which the lightning had set on fire.

Eight persons were killed upon the spot. A young woman, of nineteen years of age, was carried home in a state of insensibility, and died the following morning, in dreadful agonies, as her loud lamentations evinced. The number of the killed was therefore nine, and that of the wounded, eighty-two.

The priest who read mass was not touched by the lightning, probably because he wore a silk dress.

All the dogs that were in the church were found dead, in the positions in which they were at the moment. A woman who was in a hut, on the Barbin mountain, to the west of Chateaufort, saw three masses of fire descend in rapid succession, which seemed as if they would destroy the whole village. It is probable that the lightning first struck the cross on the steeple; it was found in the cleft of a rock, at the distance of sixteen meters. The electric fluid then passed through a vent, which it made in the ceiling of the church. The pulpit was split to pieces. In the church there was a hollow or channel, half a mile in breadth, which passed under the foundation of the church, and extended to the pavement of the street. A second went to a stable, lower down, where five sheep and a man were found dead.

## ROYAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

THE recent public sitting of the French Academy for the reception of M. Villemain, in the room of the late Marquess de Fontanes, attracted a numerous and brilliant auditory.

M. Villemain pronounced an eloquent *éloge* on his predecessor, considered as a poet, an orator, and an example of every noble and generous virtue. At the age of 20, the Marquess commenced his literary career by a translation of the *Essay on Man*: he speedily augmented his early acquired fame, by his poem of *Les Vergers*, which was immediately followed by an excellent



epistle on the *Royal Edict in favour of the Non-catholics*. The subject of this epistle reflected so much honour on the memory of Louis XVI. that the new academicians naturally embraced the opportunity of paying a tribute to the virtues of the martyr king. But the most striking part of the discourse was that in which the speaker described M. de Fontanes as opposing demagogic tyranny with all the vigour of his talent. His perils in the city of Lyons, the firm and vehement eloquence with which he ventured to plead the cause of that unfortunate city, and the circumstances which united him in friendship with the author of *Atala*, excited the most lively interest.

M. Roger, the director of the Academy, made the customary reply. Without repeating what had been said by M. Villemain, he confirmed the praises so justly bestowed by the latter on M. de Fontanes, and interspersed his discourse with some characteristic anecdotes. The following is not very generally known:—"Well," said Napoleon one day to M. de Fontanes, "*are you still thinking of your Duke d'Enghien?*" "It would appear," replied M. de Fontanes, "*that the Emperor thinks of him no less than I do.*"

The sitting was closed by M. Picard, who read an episode from a poem, intitled *La Grèce Sauvée*, a posthumous work of M. de Fontanes. The noble sentiments and glowing descriptions with which the fragment abounds, were enthusiastically applauded.—*French Journal*.

### Original Poetry.

#### BROKEN SLUMBER.

By the Author of "Calithorpe."

Beneath the drooping willow laid,  
A lovely infant pressed the earth,  
Enjoying in its grateful shade  
A little holiday from mirth:  
For sleep profound so stilled his breath,  
His seemed the calm of happy death.  
He woke, and, as he woke, a cry  
I hear—and next distinctly trace  
A tear burst from the radiant eye,  
To linger on his rosy face,  
For care no furrow had bestowed,  
To indicate the wanderer's road.  
Waking from soft repose to play,  
Why Boy thus mournfully repine,  
As though upon thy bosom lay  
The anxious festering load of mine?  
Why cry at recognising life,  
As when first ushered to its strife?  
Did Hope delude thee to believe  
Every anticipated ill  
Escaped, that thou should'st wildly grieve  
To find 'tis thine to struggle still?  
Or was the taste of Death so sweet  
That thou art sad to leave the treat?

#### THE PORTRAIT—(ANACREONTIC).

Master of the mimic art  
Paint the idol of my heart,  
Who first taught my soul to prove  
The delights and pains of love.  
Let her flaxen curls o'erflow  
A brow that shames untrodden snow.

But a somewhat darker dye  
Give the arch of either eye;  
And the light, that glimmers thro'  
Their lashes, be the summer blue;  
Soft and tender as when Even  
Trembles thro' the dewy heaven.  
Give her cheek the rosy glow  
Of sun-set on a hill of snow.  
Mixing till the cheated sight  
Knows not where their hues unite;  
But can words the charms express  
Of her lips soft loveliness!  
Yes the cherry's ripened dye  
Some faint emblem may supply;  
But her bosom's heaving white  
Veil, oh! veil it from the sight!  
That she fain from all beside  
But her Poet friend would hide;  
And—but hold whom do I see,  
"Hebe?" No, it cannot be;  
Clara's self is here portrayed—  
This—is this my chosen maid.

S.

### Sketches of Society.

#### Wine and Walnuts;

OR, AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.

#### Westminster Hall.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE little difficulty with which that bustling see-er of sights, OLD MEMORY, forces a passage through the crowd of events of sixty years, is manifest by the ease with which my crazy reminiscence can make its way back to a scene, which is now again preparing for an audience,\* of at least ninety-nine in a hundred, who witnessed not the last performance—one of no less importance than the coronation of a new sovereign.

Yet how long, how many ages has it seemed to us few remaining greybeards, as we have travelled onwards, step by step, from the year seventeen hundred and sixty-one, when our late venerable king, then in the bloom and vigour of youth, and his virtuous consort, yet younger than himself, were seated beneath that gothic roof, which had witnessed a like awful ceremony with so many sovereigns in the regal chair. Yes! how long, counting all the mighty changes that have intervened since then—and now, when I am dipping my pen in the ink, to tell this "Old Man's Tale."

What trifles seem to burst the lengthened chain of life, and bring again together the links that form each end! The air of a nursery ballad, or the scent of a particular shrub or flower that pleased in youth, will strike the senses unawares, and make the sage, as it were, shake the hoar frost from his pate, and feel another Spring—make him

\* This, and another paper on the coronation of our late revered sovereign, we had received from our entertaining greybeard friend, previous to the grand scene on the 19th; but the sketch of that solemnity in our last, and the press of other matter, prevented our insertion of them. We shall now devote two numbers to these amusing recollections, and have the pleasure of announcing that *Wine and Walnuts* will be regularly served up, with other tales, in our succeeding publications.

believe himself once more a child, before the dreaded period of his second childhood.

Thus it was with me, but a few days since, when, after being imprisoned by the long north-east, the vane kindly pointing to the south, I ventured out to take a peep at what was doing in Westminster Hall. The smell of the new timber, the loud hammering of the busy carpenters, the raised platform, the long galleries—all I heard, all I saw, all I felt, verily appeared—but a continuation of the same preparations that I had witnessed in my youth, in the summer of 1761.

I turned me round, but all were strangers there. The banquet over, and all who graced the royal feast; princes, peers, and noble knights, and ladies fair—all gone! and he, the king, for whom the gorgeous banquetting was made, I have lived to see proceed through every stage of life with dignity, and in awe of heaven—even till old age overtook him. That age! mysterious heaven! for which the righteous monarch was reserved, when the dim lamp of life wasted its remaining incense upon the sacred altar, within that living sepulchre! his unconscious self!

CHAP. XXV.

#### A little hurly-burly.

It was my great uncle Zachary who took me to view the grand preparations in this magnificent structure. That year my father thought me old enough to take my leave of school—youngsters were not so long at their books then, as in these later days: whether for the better or the worse, the future alone can determine. But may heaven continue to make all things work together for the good. This epoch of my life I well remember, and could point out on what particular spot each worthy, who now stands before my "mind's eye," then stood on the boards of Westminster Hall.

The Court of King's Bench, and that of Common Pleas at the south end, were then removed, as they have been on this occasion. There, upon the raised platform, we stood, and there (I cannot but smile at the recollection of these gay souls) I listened to the frolics of some of the club at old Slaughter's, and others—all waggish connoisseurs.

Oram,\* Tilley Kettle,\* and some others, artists, long almost forgotten, had been employed in touching up their designs for the triumphal arches, under which Squire Dymoke was to make his grand entry, from the north gate, into the hall. The architecture was well conceived, and the allegories painted with spirit, and in bold relief. Hogarth and Hayman, with others, accompanied my great uncle. These distinguished painters, together with Monsieur Roquet,

\* Oram was much employed in the decoration of noble houses, at the time when it was customary to paint stair-cases, halls, and the panels over chimney pieces.

\* Tilley Kettle, a member of the Academy in St. Martin's-lane, where Hogarth studied the human figure. Kettle was famed for painting Mahomed Ali Cawn, Nabob of Arcot, and his five sons. He died near Aleppo.

\* Monsieur Roquet. A facetious friend of Hogarth's, who published a description of his



the enamel painter, had been speaking very warmly in praise of the work. Oram, the principal conductor, he who subsequently painted part of the staircase at Buckingham House, was touchy, and rather vain of his talents, and apt to fancy that all were envious but himself. On perceiving this group of clever fellows upon the dais at the other end, he bid the carpenters be quiet, and bawled out, the whole length of the building, "Well, gentlemen, brother brushes, how do you like the effect?—Do you think it will tell its own tale?" Roquet, who delighted in a bit of humour, held up his finger, and whispered, "Hist! let us have the little dust vif him, and give him von genteel raps of his knuckles, for his too much of vanities. Oh! mon Dieu! it is good for to put him in the passion, and he will walk all the way since the bottom of the halls till the top, to abuse us every one." "Tell its tale!" said Frank Hayman, "yes, it will tell well enough to those who carry a spy-glass. Pray inform us," bawling till the hall echoed, "pray tell us what does it mean?" Oram, already entangled in the snare, angrily returned, "It will tell to those who have eyes;" murmuring in a lower voice, "none so blind as those who won't see." Then raising his tone again, he demanded, "What is your opinion Mister Hogarth; every one knows you are not prejudiced." "Humph!" said Garrick, "he is p \* \* \* \* g down your back, Willy." "Send me up your spectacles," vociferated Hogarth, "and I will let you know." "Baugh! baugh!" said Oram, "the fools are mocking me," and as he proceeded with his work, brushing away with greater dispatch, he grumbled loud enough for Frank to discover what he uttered. Frank had quick ears, in allusion to which, Garrick once said at the club, "The listening looby can hear the grass grow." "Hark!" said Frank, "he says that you and I are envious curs, come here to snarl at his reputation!" "God help him!" said Hogarth; and feeling disposed to proceed with the joke, he called out "Stand aside, Oram—I perceive now! the light is full upon it!" "Well," cried Oram, rubbing his hands, "and how does it strike?" "Oh! it is marvelously striking," said the mischievous satirist; "it strikes us all on a heap. Stop!" for Oram was proceeding up the steps again to work, indignant; "stop, Oram, it strikes me that the castle is too little for the elephant; and it strikes us all that his legs straddle woundedly too wide; and where is his proboscis?" Hogarth, ever ready with his talent at travestie, had converted the columns of the piers into the legs of the huge animal, the arch for the space between, and the frieze with the emblems for the castle and warriors. "And it strikes us," added Hogarth, "that we ought to see his tail." Here the party burst into laughter. "Just as I did foresee me," said Roquet, "here he comes, by Gar!

humorous works, in French, originally written for the Marshal Belleisle, when prisoner in England. Roquet wrote upon the state of the arts in England, and on English manners and customs. His literary works are scarce, and his enamel pictures still more so.

Marbleu! like the royal challenger himself, riding the furies, and the devil may he take up, and run away with the gauntlet."

Oram ascended, puffing with rage, "What elephant—what castle do you mean?" Hayman laughed. "I'll warrant me," said Oram, "if your proboscis (Frank had a right noble nose) was stuck up at the other end, it might be seen without a spy-glass." "Why attack me, man?" said Frank, "it was Hogarth there who looked for the elephant's beak." "He!" said Oram—"every body knows he has got no nose at all." The two painters unconsciously felt their noses. Hogarth certainly had none to spare.

"Why Mistare Orams! Mistare Orams!" said Roquet, "permit me, if you please (bowing very low at the same time) to ask if you have not got no nose yourself?" "Me, sir!" said Oram, "what do you mean?" "Why, if you had the nose at all, you might have smelled with your nose the little good humoured joke of our friendly partee, who have praise your picture to the skies, that shall make you blush, if I tell you all the compliment. But, no! Mistare Orams, you always are more furious as von dindon, vat you call turkey cocks, and do not know his kind friend from his enemies. Ha! ha! Mistare Orams, I am glad to bring you all this way to ask you how you do, Mistare Orams, and to have the pleasure to tell you, your picture is very pretty, Mistare Orams, very brillante, and very much admire by all the connoisseur around." Oram cordially shook all their hands, bowed at their approbation, and took the party into an adjoining room, to his friend, the king's cook, where we had refreshments, and among other rarities, a cut of the first sir-loin that had been cooked upon a coronation spit. We drank their Majesties' healths in glorious old hock. "Who would desire a better friend," said Davy Garrick, "than the king's master cook?"

#### CHAP. XXVI.

*Widow Chilcott and old John Stagg.*

Poor Peter Toms' and old Gerrard Vandergucht, how they made my father and my

"A friend of mine, who is a great seer of sights, was gratified by a similar treat recently, in one of the rooms fitted up for Mr. Villment, his Majesty's esquire cook. All the spits were new, and this was the first that had been used.

Peter Toms, one of the earliest of the Royal Academicians, principally employed in painting draperies, for Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Francis Cotes, the celebrated crayon painter, the works of both of whom derived vast advantage from the skilful pencil of poor Toms, who, in a fit of melancholy, died by his own hands.

Gerrard Vandergucht, a well-known picture dealer, and founder of the gallery in Lower Brook-street. He was formerly an engraver, and his name is to numberless small book-plates. This gallery contained a fine collection of pictures, the property of poor Benjamin, his son, a portrait painter, who was drowned in crossing the Thames, from the Duke of Devonshire's, at Chiswick, in 1794. Subsequently it was furnished with a large collection of pictures by the ingenious hand of Thomas Barker. It

great uncle Zachary laugh one evening at the Shades, under Fishmongers' Hall, with their joint description of that notorious scold, Mrs. Nanny Chilcott's attack on the Surveyor-General (Mr. Worsley), his friend Sir Robert Taylor, the architect, who built the wings to the south front of the Bank of England, and old John Stagg, in Westminster Hall, just before the last coronation.

I shall relate the story, second hand, as I had it from old Dr. Chauncey, one night, when a party of us went to his house in Austin Friars, to see a portrait of that cunning little puss, the famous Scratching Fanny,\* daughter of the clerk of St. Sepulchre's, so well remembered by old people, for being concerned in the Cook-lane ghost. Chauncey<sup>4</sup> collected, at any price, original portraits of these original characters.

It was then and there I saw a pen-and-ink sketch of this Widow Chilcott, and old John Stagg, which was drawn with much character, by as great an oddity as I had known, namely smoking Frank Vandermine,<sup>4</sup> a Dutchman, who could draw portraits from memory, with great exactness; these, however, were sketched from the life.

It was usual with the facetious antiquary, when he exhibited such portraits, to entertain his friends with a recital of some of their eccentricities, and he told his tales with dramatic circumstantiality, and picturesque effect. Chauncey knew every body, east and west, even from the king down to Mister Tiffin—and from the Duke of Puddle-dock,<sup>4</sup> up to his worship, the Lord Mayor.

Formerly there were shops on each side, within Westminster Hall. There the young

was then tenanted by Mr. Tresham, of facetious memory, and for some years, was the exhibition gallery of the painters in water colours.

The house in Cook-lane, haunted by the scratching and knocking spirits, has long been occupied by plaster figure makers. This fraud, in the year 1762, terrified all the superstitious, old and young, over a great part of England. Dr. Johnson was almost a dupe to the fraud, and Charles Churchill lampooned him for the weakness. I remember for many years people from Bartholomew fair used to proceed down Cook-lane, to see that wax figure of Scratching Fanny.

Dr. Chauncey, a well-known connoisseur, an eager collector of black-letter books, and one of the greatest originals of his age; he had, in his own humour, who, with Dr. Spaggs, another virtuoso, made a curious triumvirate.

Frank Vandermine, always painted with a pipe in his mouth; and if his sisters objected, he would bid them go to some other artist. There is a mezzotinto print of him, from his own painting, inscribed, *The Smoker*.

This character, so often quoted by wags, is no fiction. He frequented the famous Dark-house-lane, and was porter to the Gravesend packets; Hogarth drew his portrait, when he, Tothall Thornhill, and others, made their tour down the river.

But what most pleas'd us was his grace Of Puddle Dock, a porter grim, Whose portrait Hogarth in a whim, Presented him in caricature, He pasted on the cellar-door."

Poem, by Rev. W. Gooling, of Canterbury.

beaux counsellors, not being overwhelmed with briefs, used to chat with pretty belles, who vended gloves, perfumes, and tooth-pick cases. There, too, they could get (to use the Johnsonian phrase), the flaccidity of their wigs curled into crispness, at Egerion Catchpole's, father of him that lived so long at the old house, the corner of Cock-lane,<sup>1</sup> and a party to the aforesaid farce of Scratching Fanny. There, in this small shop in the hall, could they get their ponderous wigs re-powdered, quarterly, at a small expense, after jumbling, as they were wont of yore, six in a hackney coach, from the Temple, at two-pence per cranium for the fare. There, too, lived the ternaigant widow Chilcott,<sup>2</sup> who sold Hogarth's prints, and her opposite neighbour, the bookseller, John Stagg,<sup>3</sup> of the noted ways of Westminster, the wittiest and oldest stager of them all. He, the lively bibliopola, that could do more with the youth of Dean's yard than all the masters in their great cocked hats, and all their rods to boot; who could toss a pancake better than the college cook; who knew the law as well as half the judges on the bench, and was jocosely dubbed brother Stagg by them, and all the other learned gentlemen who wore the robe.

Stagg was a church-and-king man, staunch; his neighbour, Nan Chilcott, a thorough Jacobite. "She was a clever shrewd woman though," said Dr. Chauncey, "and the only one who, in the unsophisticated science of native raillery, was ever known to make Master John Stagg draw in his horns." They were, upon the whole, generally on good terms. John had known her father, as his playmate, and she knew John's good qualities. But his waggery (for he loved to hear her mob her betters) sometimes made him mischievously set her off; "and when her temper is once up, then" said Stagg, "the old Turk is running a muck."

There were two special ways of effecting this. She was remarkably nice with her shop, and he gave her the title of *Mistress Tidy-body*. This was worse in her ear than the most opprobrious term; so, being a humane little man, he was accordingly sparing of the epithet—I keep it in reserve for high days and holidays, said John; but

<sup>1</sup> This curious old-fashioned house was pulled down in 1811; a fine print of it, and the three others, its neighbours, that escaped the fire of London, are admirably depicted in the interesting work of Ancient Domestic Architecture, by the worthy J. T. Smith, Librarian at the British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Chilcott succeeded her father in the little shop on the left side of Westminster-hall. She wrote verses upon the South-Sea bubble, and Mary Tofts, the monstrous rabbit breeder, of Goshalmin. Dr. Arbuthnot often chatted with old Nan. Once she asked St. Andre, if he would walk in and take a *Wetish rabbit*. This pleased the wits of the day.

<sup>3</sup> John Stagg, a publisher of some of Hogarth's early prints, and who assisted the satiric painter in his selection for the strictures upon Wigs. John was nephew of Pope's housekeeper, and apprenticed, by that illustrious poet, to Jacob Tonson. He used to relate, and that most comically, Dryden's quarrel with old Jacob, when he asserted the sturdy bookseller had "two left legs."

he was too apt to whistle Lillibullero, which, either sung, played, hummed, or whistled, was no small annoyance to all Jacobites, but to the ears of the widow Chilcott, was an air that made her rage slip all on one side, and commonly caused the dislocation of her wits.

"I saw her in her tantarums," said Peter Toms, "and never shall forget the sight. She sat, looking no one in the face, but, like Hecate in her cave, her long crutch stick beneath her crumpled chin, held tight by her skinny hands, portending evil. It was one morning, when Mr. Worsley, the surveyor-general, with his friend Sir Robert Taylor, and some officers of the Board of Works, came to make a survey, and to plan the scaffolding for the coronation.

"Have you received orders to quit widow Chilcott?" said Stagg, as the gentlemen came up the hall, from Old Palace Yard. "Mind your own affairs," said she. "Very good," said Stagg, "I would have helped you to pack up;" then turning round, he maliciously observed, with affected obsequiousness, "you know very well we must all turn out Mistress Chilcott, and it is our bounden duty to submit respectfully to our superiors." "Superiors!" said she, "humph, I do not know who they may be—but I'll not budge a foot but by force." "Mercy on me!" said Old Stagg, "I wish I had half thy noble spirit." "Away with you! sneaking bookbinder," said she. It was just then the surveyor-general took a measuring rod—when Stagg whistled Lillibullero.

"Now old dame Chilcott, had two great bombs to discharge at once," said Peter Toms; "one at the surveyor-general and another at Mister Lillibullero: she was ready to burst with rage."

The surveyor-general knew the old ternaigant's politics; her hatred to the government every one knew, and moreover he knew her attachment to the spot. Her father had held a stall there before her; and being kind and considerate in the duties of his office, and not self-important, as many in authority are apt to be, he soothed the old widow, by telling her he "was concerned to disturb her; and, that when the scaffolds he was obliged to erect over her premises were removed, she should be re-instated more commodiously." "Now, there are those," said the lively Peter, "who would have not minced the matter with the sulky old touch, but have ordered her off, with—'Away, you old devil—you catamaran, you Jezabel—what! you will not budge! but I'll send you packing in a trice—away you spit-fire cockatrice, good-for-nothing, crooked old Jacobite!" But the surveyor general was no such man.

There are some untoward tempers, however, that no gentleness can conciliate, nor roughness subdue. Old Nan Chilcott was one of those. "Yes," said she, "my poor father was bamboozled by that smooth-spoken Mister Vanburgh." He, too, was to

<sup>4</sup> Sir John Vanburgh, who wrote ten Comedies, admirable for wit; but who was sadly lampooned for his architecture. He was much employed in public works.

have mighty fine things done; but I know it cost him forty pounds to make room for a beggarly set, with their crowns and stars and garters, to eat and drink and carouse, and drive honest people out of doors. I wish I was a man, I'd pick up the glove with a vengeance! and send that swaggering hero, Mister Dymoke, galloping out of the hall, a little faster than he came in! But all manhood's gone over the water with Charley! Old Stagg, from the opposite side of the hall, whistled Lillabullero.

"Well, but my good woman," said the surveyor general, "you must not speak treason under the royal roof." "Royal roof, royal roof," said she, "*marry come up*, and a pretty royal roof it is," pointing up with her crutch stick; "are you not ashamed to look upon such a cob-webby, filthy, spider-warren? Out upon you, who set you up master of the board of works, and a fine board it is; and so called, no doubt, of the wooden heads of which it is composed. Things were done *badly* enough in old Van's time, God knows, and now we shall see them WORSLEY done." "Ha, ha," said Sir Robert, "what you are a punster, old Nan." "Punster!" said she, "you are looking out for a place too—aye? Taylors should sit cross-legged at the other board over at the palace there—the board of Green Cloth." "Egad," said Sir Robert, "we shall be well *dressed* all round."

By this time several gentlemen of the robe had collected before her shop, and Old Stagg thrust his head forward among the group—she was lying in wait for him, and he had better have kept aloof. "Why don't you ask the king, as you are a *loyal subject*, to appoint you cob-web-brusher royal, Mistress Tidy-body, you might straddle your besom, like Hogarth's frontispiece" here, pointing to his humorous print of the witch riding her broom up to the moon, which was exposed for sale on her stall. "What then!" said she, aiming a blow at his knuckles with her ebony crutch stick, when, missing him, she made amends, by pointing it at him, with a malicious grin, saying, "Go, go home, and bid your own old witch brush the cobwebs off your antlers, Mister Stagg." This happened to be a severe wipe at the bookseller, and there was a general laugh at John's expense. Mr. Sergeant Glynn,<sup>5</sup> arm in arm with one of the cursor barons, turned upon old John, and asked significantly, "Have you any further questions to put, brother Stagg?" This might have passed; but unfortunately for the baron, he too must have a joke, having for the moment forgotten what the world whispered about his help-mate. "What say you, my old buck," said the wit, "a little *hartshorn* may

<sup>5</sup> This whimsical frontispiece, known to curious collectors, once induced old Dr. Snaggs to say, "It was better suited for a tail-piece." Whiston never forgave Hogarth for the contempt this plate poured upon his work. It is curious, that so learned a man should have maintained the fraud of *mother Tofts*. "I see in her," said he, "the fulfilment of one of the prophecies of Esdras!"

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Sergeant Glynn, Recorder of London, and Member for Middlesex.

cure the evil." "Oh! no," retorted Stagg, "he that had horns to hide, invented the lawyers wig," and bowing respectfully, added—"have you any further questions to put, brother baron?"

*Funeral Processions in Brazil; extracted from the general Account of Religious Observances at Rio de Janeiro, in a Historical, Geographical, and Commercial Account of that Country, about to be published by Mr. James Henderson.*

THE funeral processions are rather singular; and the interment of a child particularly would appear to be the season of rejoicing rather than grief. On these occasions the musical performers are the most choice and costly. The corpse is never kept more than one day from the time of the demise, and the funeral rites are usually celebrated after dark; every one that chooses, enlisting into the procession by the acceptance of a wax light. At a funeral which I saw at the Carmo, a large and handsome church adjoining the royal chapel, two lines of persons were ranged along the body of the building, from the entrance towards the altar, facing each other, every one holding a wax-light, nearly six feet high, in the right hand, and projected rather forward. Some of the individuals of this assembly might be friends of the deceased, but the major part consisted of persons casually met with in the streets, or such as were led by curiosity into the church. The acceptance of a light is deemed an honour done to the friends of the dead; and the agents of the padres are not very scrupulous in forcing them, if possible, into the hands of every one they see: the motive for doing this is ascertained, on knowing that the remainder of all candles which are used become the perquisite of those very worthy brethren. At the head of the two lines, amounting to perhaps from one hundred to one hundred and fifty persons, the corpse was placed upon a table, or elevated platform, with the head exposed to view; while its last vestments displayed the ill-founded notion of importance, which its survivors attach to outward and meretricious show. The ceremony itself not being calculated to impress the mind with awe, none of those feelings of respectful gravity were visible, which so solemn an occasion ought to have produced. When it was finished, the body was conducted, with no regular procession, through some outer avenues of the church, to the catacombs, situated in a passage opposite to the jesuitical library. On arriving at the inner cemetery of the catacombs, the lights of those who followed were extinguished, and taken from them by the persons whose duty it was to secure this perquisite; and every one retiring in consequence, the body disappeared by some other avenue, and I could not possibly discover how it was afterwards disposed of.

Upon another occasion of the funeral obsequies of a general officer, I attempted to see their mode of executing this last office; but, from the quickness with which they slid away, and the extinguishing of the lights, I was again disappointed. A friend, how-

ever, gave me the following description of the interment of a girl, at which he was present. After the ceremony and the music had ceased, they proceeded from the said church of Our Lady of Carmo to the catacombs, where he arrived, with two or three others, at that point of the cemetery which was to receive the remains. The padres had disappeared, and no one was there but the father of the girl, and a person who may be styled the sexton. The outer coverings had been taken off, and the girl appeared richly dressed in embroidered muslin, with silk stockings and new shoes on, as if equipped for an assembly.

The coffin had no bottom, but the body was supported upon a piece of satin, securely nailed around the upper part of it, when the nails being withdrawn from the sides, the father, who was not dressed in the sable vestments of a mourner, but in those of a bridegroom, disgusted my friend by his wanton and unfeeling conduct, and at this moment threw a piece of muslin to the sexton, urging him to dispatch by shouting out "*Depressa, depressa*." The muslin being drawn over the face of the girl, a large quantity of quick lime was placed upon it, and another portion spread from the head along the breast to the body, with a quantity on each side, when the man, with much ceremony, formed a cross upon it with his trowel. During the operation, the father, devoid of every proper sense of decency, cried out to him, "*Vamos, vamos* (let us go); and, at another time, "*Vamos, depressa, filho da puta*." To render this last exclamation into English would only wound the feelings of those who do not understand it. Quick lime being now placed upon the flat stone of the cemetery, which runs horizontally a long way back, exhibiting its awful contents, the coffin was lifted up, and the nails of the end being also taken out, the body and piece of satin fell upon the quick lime, and the coffin was removed away. The cemeteries are afterwards walled up and plastered over in front. This father then, and even before, at the close of the church ceremony, embraced many people for joy, invited some to go home with him to a grand supper prepared for the occasion, and felt convinced that his child was gone to Heaven. Two or three hundred pounds are occasionally expended at funerals.

The catacombs are small, but extremely neat; the first part forming a square, ornamented with vases, and containing aromatic shrubs and flowers, is surrounded with a sort of piazza, the inner walls of which present the front of cemeteries, neatly plastered and numbered. Opposite the entrance, and crossing the square, a door-way leads to inner avenues, lined with cemeteries, kept exceedingly clean and in good order. At the extremity of one of these avenues, is situated the general charnel-house, where the bones are piled in accumulating masses. After a certain lapse of time, the bones of individuals are taken from the cemeteries, bound together, and a large label, with their names inscribed upon it, affixed to them, then piled upon the bones

of their predecessors in the charnel-house, where two tapers are constantly burning; and it is not uncommon for the relatives of the deceased to visit this house of the dead on a certain day in the year, offering prayers in their behalf.

## The Drama.

DRURY-LANE.

Mr. Kean finished his brief intercalation at this Theatre on Monday, when he repeated his Richard III., in the presence of the Queen. The audience was rather turbulent, a circumstance which occurs too often at this house to be beneficial to its interests. The part was performed with the wonted energy of the actor, and we were glad to notice no symptoms of that disorder which called forth such absurd medical certificates in the play-bills.\* Thanks to the efficacy of Mr. Carlisle's doses, his intentions were fully completed by Monday evening, and the restored patient appeared in as big letters in the announcements, and as vigorous glory on the stage as his ambition could covet. Both manager and actor ought to leave off these Bartholomew-fair tricks;—they are degrading to the drama, and unworthy of themselves. Where so much talent exists, such puffing is injurious, for it induces in every mind the question whether there be really any talent; and, besides, on every occasion where the system is omitted, the public impression is, that there has been a great failure, when perhaps the merit and the success have exceeded those instances bolstered up by quackery (no allusion to Mr. Carlisle) and showman trumplings.

*The Coronation.* On Wednesday, after the comedy of the *Dramatist*, this spectacle was produced to a very crowded theatre. It is not only a superb, but a very accurate representation of the recent ceremony, and does more credit to the liberality, the taste, and the powers of Drury-lane, than any thing we have witnessed in it since it was built. This is as it ought to be, and will require none of the red-letter paragraphs in the bills (facetiously styled in the *Green Room* "*Elliston's blushes*") to prop it up. The whole is grand, admirably contrived, and ably executed. Those who saw the real coronation, will acknowledge its *fac simile* here, as far as could

\* *Et gr.*—"Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. Saturday, July 28, 1821.—The subjoined note, from Mr. Carlisle, proves the great impropriety of any attempt on Mr. Kean's part to appear this evening, and under the present circumstances of the very extensive preparations for the Coronation, it has been advisable to close the theatre.

"*Clarges-street, Friday, July 27, 1821.*  
"Dear Sir:—Mr. Kean is very unwell this morning, and the medicine which I think needful for his recovery, will not have completed my intention before late in the evening of tomorrow. I therefore think it most prudent to put off his acting until Monday; indeed, he might not be capable to-morrow, and if called upon, he might be laid up for many days afterwards.—Very much yours, and obliged servant,  
"ANTH. CARLISLE."

"R. W. Elliston, esq. &c. &c."



be expected in a theatre; and those who did not see it, may obtain a very competent idea of all its principal features at Drury-lane. In the first scene, the arrangements present a side view of the procession from the Hall to the Abbey. The whole *cortège* crosses the stage in regular order, and with much resemblance to the actual procession; and the back scene, close up to the platform, exhibits the soldiers, the crowd, the booths, and the Abbey turrets in the distance. The effect is fine. The next scene gives the service in the Abbey: it is also cleverly done, but being necessarily abridged, and perhaps of too sacred a nature for dramatic imitation, we were not so much pleased with it as with the rest. Elliston, however, was a better representative of his Majesty, than any constable in the country, and tolerable sketches were given of the various ceremonies in the cathedral. To allow time for the *finale* in the Hall, a sort of interlude was now enacted by Knight, Russell, Cooke, and Miss Cubitt, in the characters of a country lad, a sailor, a naval captain, and Jack's sweetheart. It is full of loyal sentiments and songs, and though merely a *pass-time*, might have displayed higher talent and ingenuity. At present, it is nearly allied (in parts) to what we call nonsense. The sailor speaks of "planting loyalty in the hearts of Britons," and the countryman asks, "What is loyalty?" to which the reply is, "The united voices of the people!" Thus we have the people's voices planted in their hearts. But these matters may easily be set right, and if they are not, they will only make the audience laugh till the scene again slides, and offers to its eyes a very noble view of Westminster Hall, with the King and Court seated at the banquet. This is truly a gorgeous sight, and richly deserves the public patronage, as being not only generally beautiful, but as offering a very good copy of the original. We have but one other point to mention. By a new invention, there is a raised platform from the back of the pit to the stage, along which the King and his immediate attendants march to the feast, and it afterwards serves also for the entry of the Champion, the Earl Marshal, and Lord High Constable on horseback, with the Herald, &c. to give the challenge. This novelty is imposing, and has a singular effect, though we were a little afraid of accident to the riders and persons near the erection in the pit. Fortunately, however, all went off with *célar*. "God save the King" was sung in perfect harmony, and the curtain dropped amid loud, unanimous, and well-deserved plaudits.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

If we may conclude that the coronation itself was popular from the success which has attended its second here, we should say that nothing could have a stronger charm, for the house has been nightly crammed in spite of the dog-days (the atmosphere has been warm enough, though there has been some puffed ventilation, and no true dog-days). Macready's dying scene ought to fill any theatre. We can imagine nothing more difficult than to recite the finest passages of

poetry on the couch, and under the stroke of death. Yet this he does in a way so fine and so natural, that we can hardly tell whether it is his condition or his art that affects us most. It is a glorious example of skill in realizing Shakspeare—can we pay a higher compliment? As the season is over, we need not repeat our praise of the *tout ensemble* of this play and its appended show. Charles Kemble's King is royalty in the abstract idea, and the whole range, if not filled to the standard of imagination, is rich, humorous, and excellent.

## THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

*The Witch of Derndleugh* has been performed during the week. It is a three-act play, founded on the novel of Gay Mannering, by Mr. Planché. To succeed at all, after the run of the Covent Garden piece, the brief nights of Drury-lane, and the spirited paraphrase of *The Surrey*, would have been a feather in the author's cap; but to have produced so good a drama as he has done, from materials that had submitted to so much playwright-ship, is absolutely a triumph. By going more into the melodramatic incidents in which the smugglers are engaged, (as well as by adhering more closely to his original) Mr. Planché has quite altered the character of the piece; and has, we are of opinion, greatly added to its effect and interest in that light.

The source of these plays is too generally known, to render any account of the plot requisite. We shall only observe that Mr. T. P. Cooke's Dirk Haitterick, is an admirable performance—perfect in look, in accent, and in action—the Dutchman of the author. Miss Kelly's Meg Merrilies, is inferior. She has bits of excellence, but the whole, is indifferent; and she exhibits, in the deepest scenes, a self-complacency quite at war with the sense, and most unworthy of her powers. Except the singing of Pearman and Broadhurst, and the fair distress of Miss Carr, as Julia Mannering, 'leather and prunella' will describe the *etceteras*.

## Varieties.

**DEATH OF MRS. INCHBALD.**—This celebrated writer died on Wednesday morning, at Kensington, after only a few days illness. Though novelties may have caused her name to be less before the public of late, than it was in former times, her genius was of the highest order, and she will long remain among the foremost on the roll of British female authors. She was, we believe, about the age of seventy.

Some early works (as it is said) of Buonaparte, are announced in the *Paris Journals*. They are of 1791 and 1793, and called "M. Buonaparte to M. Butte Focco," and "The Supper of Beaucairs."

**Ireland.**—EVERY thing in Ireland appears to be *Killing*. Irishmen are killing fellows:

\* Next Tuesday is now announced, as positively the last night;—it is hard to leave off clearing two or three thousand pounds a week!

Irishwomen, very devils for killing! But what is still more curious, even a bog could not move a little from its place, without a great deal of killing, for it left *Kill-maleady*, choked the road to *Kill-bride*, and was finally stopped itself, by the Engineer *Kill-ally*! The story of the Kern from *Kill-many* going to *Kill-more*, is inferior to this new example.

**The Press in France.**—THE additional clause to the laws respecting the Press in France, proposed by M. de Bonald,\* and adopted by the chamber of deputies, has caused a strong sensation among the liberal party. The amendment extends the censorship of the Journals to all periodical publications whatever, even down to the *Journal des Modes* and *Journal de la Médecine*. The Liberals also complain bitterly of the enforcement of what they call unenlightened and exploded principles, by the present rulers, in the schools and other seats of education. A sort of commission of inspection visits these places, and while it represses the ardour of modern philosophy and reform, encourages monarchical and less restless opinions.

The Russian Frigate *Voslock*, Captain Bellinghausen has, arrived at Lisbon, from a voyage of discovery, &c. in the North Pacific. She reached 70° S. nearly in the track of Captain Cook, and reports his Sandwich land to be an Island or Islands.

**Spain.**—Last August the Spanish Academy proposed two subjects for prizes, which have been awarded during the present year. The first was, a discourse in honour of the king's taking the oath of the constitution; and the second, was a poem, descriptive of the high degree of prosperity and greatness which the Spanish nation must inevitably attain under the new regime.

**Royal Travels.**—When we reflect on the value now attached to the meagre accounts of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, we must hope that care has been taken to have a good description of his Majesty's present tour. Not only would it be well to have one or two able literary men, with favourable opportunities allowed them, but also artists in various branches, portrait, landscape, &c. to accompany the king, and transmit the particulars of his journey, in an adequate manner, to posterity.

**Pun.**—A gentleman remarkable, for the aptness of his replies, on being asked by a lady, during the time the procession was passing to the Abbey, what kind of oil the king was anointed with, instantly answered, "If I may judge by the number of attendants, I should think it was *Train Oil*!"

## THE CORONATION MEDALS.

It was only owing to the lateness of the hour at which we received the engravings of the coronation medals in our last No. that we did not voluntarily translate and

\* Author of the *Theorie du Pouvoir Politique et Religieux, Legislation Primitive, &c.* Of the latter work, which had for its gist to give considerable powers to the church, Buonaparte, who could bear no rival authority, is said to have declared that the doctrine was only fit for *Mazats*.

even comment on their legends. We have therefore no hesitation in obeying the fair commands laid upon us.

The coronation medal of George I. is without a motto on the reverse. The inscription at the bottom is merely the date of his inauguration "Inaugurat," &c.

That of George II. bears "*Volentes per populos*."—"By the will of the people," a rather complimentary text for the occasion. The queen's "*Hic amor, hæc patria*," "This love, this country," refers to the figures on each side of her majesty, and the whole design, though well struck, is in poor taste. In the inscriptions, the abbreviation of coronatus (*coron.*) instead of "*inaugur*" is used, and we are at a loss to say why the same was employed in the medals of the late king and queen, and "*inauguratus*" restored in the last medal of the 19th July.

The motto of our late revered sovereign was "*Patriæ amanti*."—"To the triumphant country," which we acknowledge we do not feel, though we comprehend; nor is the queen's "Obtained by merit" more striking. These medals, too, are miserably executed; they are more like the reliefs on a lead cistern, than national commemorations. In that of queen Charlotte the reverse is literally so—the figures are upside down.

Our last medal is, as we stated, boldly executed, though the reverse is commonplace enough. It would be well on such occasions, to have designs from the best artists in the country, and trust their execution to able medallists. Had this been done we should have had, if not a likeness of the king, at least a work worthy of the arts of England in 1821.\* The motto "*proprio jam jure animo paterno*."—"now in my own right (and) with my father's mind"

\* Our publisher writes us, that the annexed note has been delivered (Thursday) in an angry manner, with some talk of the writers' solicitors. We need hardly say how much we contain threats of this kind, never stating any thing which we are afraid to defend. We are aware that persons in our situation are apt to displease individuals, while doing what they deem a public duty; and if we do not over-rate our own consequence, we should fancy that we were as likely to fall into this dilemma as any of our contemporaries—for no better proof could be given of our determination to speak freely and justly than in the very paragraph complained of by Messrs. Rundell and Co. We had bought our series of medals, and no imposition could hurt us. But the price of that of George IV. was a disgraceful charge on a loyal people, and we, considerably, resolved to expose it. We used all the information we could obtain: we are glad it is not a job of any individuals (though we think that a Firm of the high character of Rundell's ought not to have lent itself even to the agency of such plunder), and we hope that the Master of the Mint, of whom we spoke so cordially in the very essay that has given offence, will acquit himself of the charge of making a great public office a great public trader. We are sure there is no personal taint in this, but we are really becoming so bored into pence and farthings in our national concerns, that John Bull will soon be as narrow a chandler as the pettiest in any dark alley in London.

is so cheering a pledge to the nation, that we are sorry to object to the *jam*, which, however, we neither like in import nor in euphony.

#### To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir;

We are totally at a loss to understand upon what principle you can have conceived yourself authorized to insert in your paper of the 28th ult. a paragraph so totally devoid of foundation, and so unjustly calculated to injure, in the most irreparable manner, the characters of persons who have done nothing to deserve such an attack from any one. It was, you say, suggested to you, that we had but a per-centage on the price of the coronation medals. You ought, then, in common justice to our character, as well as to the credit of your paper, to have ascertained the truth before you made such unfounded and mischievous assertions. We have been appointed (as also has Mr. Garrard) by the Mint, to sell these medals. The price has been fixed by them, on which we are allowed five per cent., which does not repay us for the time devoted to their sale, the postage of letters, and other minor expenses. With respect to their dearness, we do not presume to hazard an opinion, lest, in so doing, we should as unjustly find fault with others as you have done with us.

We are, Sir, your obedient Servants,  
RUNDALL, BRIDGE, AND RUNDALL.  
Ludgate Hill, August 2, 1821.

#### Meteorological Journal.

JULY.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 26.	from 50 to 69	29.84 to 29.90
Wind S.W. 1 and 2.	Generally clear; clouds passing at times, with showers.	
Friday 27.	from 49 to 69	29.90 to 29.94
Wind S.W. 3 and N.W. 1.	Clouds generally overcast; showers at times.	
Saturday 28.	from 45 to 67	29.90 to 29.92
Wind W. 4.	Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.	
Sunday 29.	from 47 to 68	29.98 to 29.96
Wind W. 4.	Generally cloudy.	
Monday 30.	from 47 to 70	29.91 to 29.84
Wind S.W. 1 and 2.	Cloudy, and almost continually raining.	
Tuesday 31.	from 49 to 72	29.83 to 29.92
Wind S.W. 2 and 4.	Clouds till noon; the rest of the day generally clear.	
Wed. Aug. 1.	from 59 to 74	30.11 to 30.09
Wind S.W. 4.	Light clouds generally overspread.	
Rain fallen during the week 35.625 of an inch.		
Lat. 51. 37. 32. N. Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.		
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.		

#### To Subscribers.

By an accident, a few copies of the *London Literary Gazette* of last Saturday, had their pages transposed.—We have reprinted the No. in order to supply perfect copies in their stead, so that all our friends who have the erroneous impression, whether out of us, may have it changed at our office.

ERRATUM.—P. 467, Note, 3rd col. l. 9, for in the cost, read, in the cost. A whimsical typographical blunder occurs in No. 234, p. 441, where, in the last paragraph of the review of *Archbishop Sancroft's life*, his work entitled "*For Predestinatus*" is rendered "The four Predestinatus."

#### Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

##### Egyptian Tomb.

THIS extraordinary Exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, continues open every day, from 11 till 6.—Admission 1s.

##### Closing of the British Institution, Pall Mall.

THE GALLERY is now OPEN, with a Collection of the Works of the Ancient Masters, from Ten in the morning until Six in the evening, and will be CLOSED on SATURDAY NEXT, the 11th of AUGUST.

(By order,) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.  
Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

FLORENCE GALLERY. Just imported by Rodwell and Martin, New Bond-street, the 40th and 50th Numbers, completing this splendid Work. Possessors of the former portion are requested to complete their sets without delay. Imperial folio 16. 3s. Proof Impressions 21. 10s.

##### Taukin's Lottery.

THE LAST DRAWN TICKET in TOMKIN'S PICTURE LOTTERY being an even Number, the Red Tickets are entitled to the Prizes, according to Act of Parliament. The Books of the Order of Drawing will be immediately made up, and the Delivery of Prizes will take place on the last day of the present Month, at the Office, No. 54, New Bond-street, between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock, and be continued daily (Sundays excepted) at the same hour.  
No. 54, New Bond street, August 1, 1821.

##### European Scenery.

GERMAN SCENERY, from drawings by Capt. BATTY. No. 2, containing: Ulm, Market Place—Vienna, Donau Strasse—Danube, at Nussdorf—Klosterneuburg, near Vienna—Linz, great Square. Printed for Rodwell and Martin, New Bond-street, London.

#### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

##### Dublin and its Environs.

Price 15s. each, or in large paper with Proof Plates, price 17. 4s. vols. I. and II. of EXCURSIONS THROUGH THE PROVINCE OF LEINSTER; comprising Topographical and Historical Descriptions of Dublin and its Environs, together with Descriptions of the Residences of the Nobility and Gentry, Remains of Antiquity, and every interesting object of curiosity. By THOMAS CROMWELL. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; J. Greig, Islington; and P. Youngman, Witham, and Maldon, Essex; and sold by all booksellers.

\* The above two volumes contain 96 Plates of Public Buildings, Gentlemen's Seats, &c. Also may be had Nos. I. and II. of vol. III. each comprising eight Plates, price 2s. 6d., or proof impressions, 4s.

In 2 vols. 8vo. price 17. 12. boards, with a Portrait, engraved by Fittler, the Third Edition, of

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM, LORD RUSSELL, with some Account of the Times in which he lived. By LORD JOHN RUSSELL. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, and J. Ridgway, London.

Also in 8vo. price 12s. the Third Edition, of THE LIFE OF LADY RUSSELL, by the Editor of Mad. du Deffand's Letters, with Letters from Lady Russell to her Husband, Lord Russell; some Miscellaneous Letters to and from Lady Russell, &c. &c. from the Originals in the Possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

In three large volumes octavo, with three sheet Maps, engraved by Hall, price 21. 2s.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF DISCOVERIES AND TRAVELS IN ASIA, from the earliest Ages to the present Time. By HUGH MURRAY, F.R.S.E.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, London; and Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh. \* The object of this Work, as of that of the Author's Historical Account of Discoveries in Africa, is to comprise, within a moderate compass, whatever is most important and amusing in the narratives of the various Travellers, who have visited this extensive quarter of the globe.



Popular Novels recently published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

# 1. THE CAVALIER. A Romance.

"Tyrant over, by fairy fiction dress."—Gray.  
In 3 vols. 12mo. price 11. 1s. boards.

"We have no hesitation in ranking it in the nearest row to the Wizard of the North."—Literary Gazette.

2. THE VILLAGE OF MARIENDORP. A Romance. By MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER. Author of the Past of St. Magdalen, Knight of St. John, &c. In 3 vols. 12mo. price 11. 6s. boards.

"This novel will sustain the reputation which this lady's interesting works have already acquired for her."—New Mag.

3. CATHORPE; or, Fallen Fortunes. A Novel. By the Author of the Mystery, or Forty Years ago. In 3 vols. 12mo. price 11. 1s. boards.

4. HELEN DE TOURNON. A Novel. By MADAME DE SOUZA, Author of *Adèle de Senange*, &c. Translated from the French. In 2 vols. 12mo. price 10s. 6d.

5. SIR FRANCIS DARELL; or, the Vortex. A Novel. By R. C. DALLAS, Esq. Author of *Perceval*, *Aubrey*, *Morland*, &c. &c. In 4 vols. 12mo. price 11. 1s. boards.

6. TALES OF THE PRIORY. By Mrs. HOPLAND. In 5 vols. 12mo. price 11. 4s. boards.

## New System of Geography.

Price 7s. 6d. Part the 2nd, of  
A SYSTEM OF UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHY. By M. MALTE BRUN, Editor of the *Annales des Voyages*, &c.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London; and Adam Black, Edinburgh.

The publishers have made arrangements for combining, with a correct translation of this valuable work, which is now in course of publication at Paris, such additions and alterations as are rendered necessary by recent changes and discoveries, including a more accurate and detailed account of the British empire and its dependencies. For this purpose they have procured the assistance of the author, who has corrected and improved the work expressly for this translation, as well as the assistance of gentlemen of distinguished literary attainments, both in this country and America, whose access to official documents will enable them to supply much important information.

The work is to be completed in seven octavo volumes, five of which have been already published in the original, each containing 648 pages of letter-press, nearly double the quantity of an ordinary volume.

The translation is printed on fine demy paper, and will be published quarterly, in part, or half vols. price 7s. 6d. each.

Mr. Malone's *Shakespeare*, superintended by Mr. Bowdler.

Handsome printed, in 21 volumes octavo, with two Portraits, one from the Chaucer picture, and the other from a miniature in the possession of Sir J. B. Burgoe, Bart. and an engraving from the monument at Stratford.

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators; comprehending a Life of the Poet, and an enlarged History of the Stage. By the late EDMOND MALONE. With a new glossarial Index.

Printed for F. C. and J. Barington: T. Egerton; J. Guthrie; Deighton and Co.; Longman and Co.; Cadell and Davies; J. and W. T. Clarke; Lockington and Co.; J. Boucher; Black, Kingsbury, and Co.; J. Booth; J. Richardson; J. M. Richardson; R. H. Evans; J. Mawman; J. Murray; R. Scholey; T. Earle; J. Bohn; C. Brown; R. Pheasant; Baldwin and Co.; Newman and Co.; Ogilvie and Co.; T. Hamilton; T. Gray; W. Wood; J. Sheldon; Whitmore and Pears; R. Edwards; W. Mason; G. Mackie; J. H. Bohn; T. Wilkie; G. and Thackeray. By SIR W. GELL, F.R.S. &c. 8vo. 6s. 6d. with a Map of the Bosporus, price 10s. 6d.

W. B. Deighton; Simpkin and Co.; and R. Saunders, also by Whittaker and Sons, Cambridge; Wilson and Sons, York; by Stirling and Stide, A. Black, P. Brown, and Fairbairn and Anderson, Edinburgh.

## Johnny Quæ Genus.

Published by R. Ackermann, No. 1.  
THE HISTORY AND LIFE OF JOHNNY QUÆ GENUS, the Little Foundling, containing 3 coloured Engravings, by Rowlandson, and 32 pages of Letter-Press by the Author of the Three Tours of Dr. Syntax—in Search of the Picturesque—of Consolation—and of a Wife—the Dance of Death, and Dance of Life. This poem will be completed in eight monthly numbers, at 6d. each.

Also, by the same Publisher.  
A HISTORY OF MADEIRA, with a series of 27 coloured Engravings, illustrative of the Customs, Manners, and Occupations of the Inhabitants. Imperial 8vo. Price 2s. 3s. half-bound.

101, Strand, August 1, 1821.

In 3 vols. price 12s.  
THE HERMIT in the COUNTRY. By the Author of "The Hermit in London."

"Quite weary grown  
Of all the follies of the town,  
And seeing in all the public places  
The same vain tops, and painted faces."

II. The Universe; a Poem, by the Rev. Robert Maturin, Author of *Bertram*, &c. &c.

III. Precaution, or the Matrimonial Balance; a Novel, 3 vols. 11. 1s.

"I cannot forbear to flatter myself that prudence and benevolence, will make marriage happy; but what can be expected, except disappointment and repentance, from a choice made in the immaturity of youth—without judgment—without foresight—without inquiry after conformity of opinion—rectitude of judgment, or purity of sentiment."—*Rasselas*.

IV. Practical Economy; or, The Application of Modern Discoveries to the Purposes of Domestic Life. In one closely printed vol. 12mo. price 7s. 6d.

V. An Essay on Diseases of the Skin, containing Practical Observations on Sulphurous Fumigations in the cure of Cutaneous Complaints, with several remarkable Cases. By Sir Arthur Clarke, M.D. Author of an Essay on Bathing; the Mother's Medical Assistant, &c. &c. 5s. 6d.

VI. George the Third, his Court, and Family, a New Edition, comprising various important Additions, 2 vols. 8vo. with 16 Portraits, 31s. 6d.

This work will be found to abound in relations of those peculiar traits of character for which his Majesty was so distinguished during his long and eventful reign, and which have rendered his personal history so remarkably attractive.

VII. Memoirs of her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte, from authentic documents. By John Watkins, LL.D. embellished with Portraits and other Plates. 8vo. 10s.

VIII. Palmyre et Flaminie, par Mad. de Genlis, 2 vols. 8s.

IX. Country Neighbours; or, The Secret. By Miss Burney, author of *Traita de Nature*, *Clarendon*, &c. 2nd Edition, 3 vols. 16s.

X. Scheming; a Novel. In 3 vols. 11. 1s.

XI. A Guide to Matrimonial Happiness, in a Series of Letters, written by a Lady of Distinction to her Nephews, shortly after her Marriage, &c. &c.

XII. Sir Arthur Clarke's Essay on War, Cold, and Vapour Bathing. A new Edition, 5s. 6d.

"This work will be found to contain more useful instruction and more valuable practical remarks than any that has appeared on the subject."—*Quarterly Review*, No. 23.

Printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Commissioners; Bell and Baskin, Edinburgh; and John Cunningham, Dublin.

## Greece.

The following valuable works, illustrative of the Topography, Antiquities, and Scenery of this interesting Country, have been lately published by Rodwell and Martin, 46, New Bond-street.

I. A CLASSICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL TOUR through GREECE, embellished with numerous Engravings. By EDWARD DODWELL, Esq. F.R.S. In 2 Vols. 4to. price 10s. 10s. Boards.

II. VIEWS in GREECE, illustrative of the above, beautifully engraved and coloured from the original Drawings. By EDWARD DODWELL, Esq. F.R.S. &c. Folio half-bound, price 18s. 12s.

III. THE ITINERARY of the MOREA, being a description of the routes of that Peninsula. By SIR W. GELL, F.R.S. &c. 8vo. 6s. 6d. with a Map of the Routes, price 10s. 6d.

IV. THE ITINERARY of GREECE, containing one hundred routes in Attica, Boeotia, Phocia, Locris, and Thessaly. By SIR W. GELL, F.R.S. &c. 8vo. 6s. 6d. with a Map of the Routes, price 10s. 6d.

V. GREECE, a Poem, in Three Parts, with Notes, Classical Illustrations, and Sketches of the Scenery. By Wm. HAYGARTH, Esq. A.M. Plates, royal 4to. price 2l. 12s. 6d. 6s.

## Scotland.

PROVINCIAL ANTIQUITIES, AND PICTURESQUE SCENERY OF SCOTLAND, with Historical Illustrations. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Part 5, containing

Edinburgh, from Braithill, drawn by A. W. Calcott, R.A.—Roslyn Chapel, drawn by E. Blore, Edinburgh—Dalmeing Church, drawn by E. Blore—Seton Church, drawn by E. Blore—Interior of Holyrood Chapel, drawn by E. Blore.

London: Printed for Rodwell and Martin, New Bond-street; and W. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

## Napoleon Medals.

In royal 4to. price 21s.

A SUPPLEMENT, containing fourteen Plates, to the *MEBALLIC HISTORY OF NAPOLEON*, with an Historical Account.

"This work is justly presumed to be essential for the elucidation of the History of this illustrious Personage."

London: printed for Rodwell and Martin, New Bond-street; of whom may be had the best portion of this Work, containing 60 Plates, price 21s.

## New Edinburgh Review.

On the 1st of August was published (to be continued quarterly), price 6s. No. I. of

THE NEW EDINBURGH REVIEW.

- Containing:
1. WALDEGRAVE'S MEMOIRS.
  2. PASSAGE OF HANNIBAL OVER THE ALPS.
  3. LEGEND OF ARGYLE.
  4. ANIMAL MAGNETISM.
  5. ANNE BOLBYN.
  6. LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.
  7. COOK'S LIFE OF HILL.
  8. HAZLITT'S TALK.
  9. NOTES ON THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.
  10. LUCOCK ON BRAZIL.
  11. LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S SPEECH ON GRAMPOND DISFRANCHISEMENT.
  12. CLIMATE for the CONSUMPTIVE.
  13. PARRY'S VOYAGE.
  14. CROLY'S PARIS in 1815.
  15. MOQUESS on the NIGER.
  16. LOBBE'S TRAGEDY.
  17. ANNALS OF THE PARISH.
  18. CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION.

List of Works published—Notice of Works in the press.

Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane; and J. Warren, Old Bond-street, London; and Wm. and James, Edinburgh.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. LII. for July, 1821.

Contents:

I. Napoleon—II. Lines suggested by the sight of some late Autumn Flowers—III. To a Dying Infant—IV. Letter from Mr. Sikky, enclosing Mr. O'Keefe's Journal, and Daniel O'Keefe, an Epic Poem: Canto V. The Geese—V. The Fisherman's Budget: No. 2.—VI. Translations from the late familiar Latin Classics: No. 1.—VII. Two past Time—VIII. Prior Bacon—IX. The Broken Heart—X. Early Affection—XI. Horace's Epode on the Sentiments of Attention, adulation, and flattery—XII. Philosophical Specimens—XIII. The Voyage and Travels of Columbus Reconsidered—XIV. The Fatal Repose—XV. On the probable Influence of Moral and Religious Instruction on the Character and Situation of Slaves: No. 1.—XVI. Letter to Lord Byron—XVII. The Larkin Ball; or, the Widow's Cow: Epistle 1st—XVIII. Stanzas on the Death of Napoleon Bonaparte—XIX. The Vision by Moon-light—XX. The Parliament—XXI. The Statue of No. 1.—XXII. Parliament, Buonaparte, &c.—XXIII. A few words to that immense Body of Mankind which forms the Mass of our Contributions—XXIV. Works preparing for Publication—XXV. Monthly List of New Publications—XXVI. Monthly Register.

Printed for T. Cadell and W. Davies, Strand, London; and William Blackwood, No. 17, Prince's-street, Edinburgh.

## Price 2s.

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, and LITERARY MISCELLANY, being a new series of the Scots Magazine, for July 1821, being the first number of vol. IX.

Contents.

Some account of the famous Historie of Petronius Maximus; a rare tragedy—Review of Spurzheim on Education—The Spirit of the Age—Life of Nicholas Poussin (continued)—Observations on the late Session of Parliament—Periodical Literature of Great Britain—The Universe; a Poem, by Mr. Maturin—Original Poetry—Edina, Canto I.—Reflections suggested by the Death of Buonaparte—The Shipwreck—The Parthenon—The Modern House—Lady Morgan's Italy—Varieties—Laurent's Tour in Greece—Tale by Dr. Leyden—The Midnight City—The Smoky Town—To an Eye—For a Quæ's Man, &c.—Literary and Scientific Intelligence—Monthly Register, &c.

Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. and Longman and Co. London.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, by T. C. HANSARD, Peterborough Court, Fleet Street; Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCOTT, at the Literary Gazette Office, 24, (Scotch Change) Strand, and T. Smith, Moulton Street, Oxford Street; sold also by E. Marshall, Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Hill; and J. Chappell and Son, 34, Royal Exchange.